

THE
WORKS
OF THE
most celebrated
Minor POETS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Containing the WORKS of
GEORGE STEPNEY, Esq;
WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;
THOMAS TICKELL, Esq.

Never before collected and publish'd together.



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THE
WORKS

of

MINOR

OF THE
COMMONS
OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
BY
WILLIAM LUTHER
THOMAS



1840

LONDON
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THE
WORKS
OF
George Stepney, Esq;

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T O

King JAMES II.

UPON HIS

Accession to the Throne.

AS victors lose the trouble they sustain
 In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
 And martyrs, when the joyful crown is
 giv'n,
 Forget the pain, by which they purchas'd heav'n:
 So when the Phœnix of our empire dy'd,
 And with a greater heir the empty throne supply'd;
 Your glory dissipates our mournful dew,
 And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
 Mysterious fate; whose one decree could prove,
 The high extream of cruelty and love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming muse
 Those wise resolves of providence accuse,
 Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
 Since stronger Hercules supports the state.
 England no more shall pensive thoughts employ
 On him, she's lost; but him, she has, enjoy.
 So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
 And Bacchus honour'd the deserted bed,

Ceas'd with her tears to raise the swelling flood,
Forgot her Theseus, and embrac'd the god.

On the University of Cambridge's burning
the Duke of MONMOUTH'S
Picture, 1685. who was formerly
their Chancellor. — In Answer to
this Question,

— Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
Damnatos.

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble, and your doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the sage vice-chancellor was sure
The original in limbo lay secure,
As greasie as himself he sends a lictor
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all she can
To save the image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;
But all in vain, since the wise house conspire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
Lest it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe, if he can, for a bundle of sedge:

But

But the man of Clarehall that proffer refuses,
 'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the muses ;
 And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
 On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James :
 And swears he will borrow of the provost more stuff
 On the marriage of Anne, if that ben't enough.
 The heads, lest he get all the profit t'himself,
 Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf,
 This motion deny, and vote that tite tillet
 Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
 The kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
 The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their stocks for a bonfire together,
 As they club for a cheese in the parish of Chedder ;
 Confusedly crowd on the sophs and the doctors,
 The hangman, the townsmen, their wives and the
 proctors

While the troops from each part of the countries in ale,
 Come to quaff his confusion in bumpers of stale,
 But Rosalin, never unkind to a duke,
 Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
 The tender creature could not see his fate,
 With whom she'ad danc'd a minuet so late,
 The heads who never could hope for such frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd fixscore pounds to the flames,
 Then his air was too proud, and his features amis,
 As if being a traytor had alter'd his phiz :
 So the rabble of Rome, whose favour ne'er settles,
 Melt down their Sejanus to pots and brass kettles.

An Epistle to CHARLES MOUNTAGUE, Esq; on his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.

S I R,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
 An art I've either lost, or never knew,
 Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
 And fondly lose the critick in the friend;
 Tho' my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
 From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
 I'll contradict the humour of the times,
 Inclined to bus'ness, and averse to rhymes,
 And to obey the man I love, in spite
 Of the world's genius, and my own, I'll write.

But think not that I vainly do aspire
 To rival what I only would admire,
 The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
 And force like that with which your hero fought;
 Like Sampson's riddle is that powerful song,
 Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
 The colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no lustre and they want no shade;
 But shall of writing a just model give,
 While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his ev'ry act may well infuse
 Some happy rapture in the humblest muse,
 Tho' mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
 She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
 The king's the theme, and I've a subject's right.
 When William's deeds, and rescu'd Europe's joy
 Do ev'ry tongue and ev'ry pen employ,

'Tis

'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who wou'd continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests, and the pomp of war,
Wou'd sing the pious king's divided care;
How eagerly he flew when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair isle with rival passion strove,
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed,
And how she bless'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:

Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me, and his Maria's charms.
O gen'rous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Shou'd sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgick state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian pow'r;

Rear'd by thy care that noble lion, grown
 Mature in strength, can range the woods alone:
 When to my arms they did the prince resign,
 I blest'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
 Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly shou'd obey
 His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway:
 He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
 One my defence, and t'other my delight:
 Yet go——where honour calls the hero go;
 Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
 Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
 Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
 Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
 The next large harvest to thy prosp'rous sword:
 Again in Crecy let my arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
 While under Mary's tutelary care,
 Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
 In honourable pleasure I possess
 The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
 As the great lamp by which the globe is blest'd,
 Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
 Through diff'rent regions does his course pursue,
 And leaves one world but to revive a new;
 While, by a pleasing change, the queen of night
 Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
 So when your beams do distant nations chear,
 The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
 Able alone my empire to sustain,
 And carry on the glories of thy reign——
 But why has fate maliciously decreed,
 That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
 By all that fondness and that grief could say;

But

But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
 On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
 Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
 Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
 Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
 And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The winds were silent, and the gentle main
 Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
 When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
 Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
 Each chose a diff'rent subject for their lays,
 But Orange was the burden of their praise:
 Some in their strains up to the fountain run,
 From whence this stream of virtue first begun;
 Others chose heroes of a later date,
 And sung the * founder of the neighb'ring state;
 How daringly he tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
 Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
 The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
 And to the †† youth, whose pregnant hopes out-ran
 The steps of time, and early shew'd the man;
 For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
 And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
 But as by nature's law the phenix dies,
 That from its urn a nobler bird may rise,
 So fate ordain'd the parent soon should set,
 To make the glories of ** his heir compleat.

At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
 And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
 Some sung his birth, and how discerning fate
 Sav'd infant virtue against powerful hate;

* William.

† Maurice and Henry.

†† William.

** His late Majesty.

Of pois'nous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
 And palms that spread the more, the more with-held.
 Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
 By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
 And how his firmer courage did oppose
 His country's foreign and intestine foes;
 The lion he, who held their arrows close.
 Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
 Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
 Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
 Sad, modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
 How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
 Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
 But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
 The black contrivance of the doating god;
 With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
 'Twas Italy secur'd his frighted head,
 And by his flight resign'd his empty throne,
 And triple empire to his worthier son.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
 Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne.
 How on the wondring bank the hero stood,
 Lavishly bold and desperately good;
 Till fate, designing to convince the brave
 That they can dare no more than heav'n can save,
 Let death approach, and yet with-held the sting,
 Wounded the man, distinguishing the king.

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
 And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
 Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
 For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;
 No more may travellers desire to know
 Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
 Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
 Be or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:

All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves as those are in the sea.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er
And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind,
More to the sea, than to its master kind,
Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.

But he, with a superior genius born,
Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn:
Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and nature must obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.

With eager transport Belgia met her son,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
'Till certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
Confess'd her lord, bless'd his return, and said:

If passion by long absence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love;
Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
And by my former pleasure measure this:
Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the hero's praise;
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To represent your glories, or my heart:
These humble emblems are design'd to show,
Not how we wou'd reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a short review,
How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.
What since has been our fate—I need not say,
Ill suiting with the blessings of the day,

Our

Our better fortune with our prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where he led on.
 Like the Palladium, wheresoe'er you go,
 You turn all death and danger on the foe.
 In you we but too sadly understood
 How angels have their spheres of doing good;
 Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
 And crown'd their daring courage with success,
 Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
 And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye gods! an arm and mind
 Like yours, shou'd be to time and place confin'd;
 But thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
 For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
 Discording princes shall with thee combine,
 And center all their interests in thine;
 Proud of thy friendship, shalt forego their sway
 As Rome her great dictator did obey;
 And all united make a Gordian knot,
 Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.

On the late horrid Conspiracy.

THE * youth whose fortune the vast globe obey'd,
 Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
 And in his chariot by ‖ vile hands oppress'd,
 With noble pity, and just rage possess'd,
 Wept at his fall from so sublime a state,
 And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate

* Alexander. † Darius. ‖ Bessus:

Of majesty profan'd——so acted too
 The gen'rous Casar, when the Roman knew
 A ** coward king had treacherously slain,
 †† Whom scarce he foil'd on the Pharsalian plain:
 The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
 And the base author of the crime dethron'd.
 Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
 Free from the servile arts of barb'rous hate:
 They knew no foe, but in the open field,
 And to their cause, and to the gods appeal'd.
 So WILLIAM acts——and if his rivals dare
 Dispute his reign by arms, he'll meet 'em there
 Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the scale,
 And lets the good, the just, and brave prevail.

To the Earl of CARLISLE, upon
 the Death of his Son before LUX-
 EMBURGH.

HE's gone! and was it then by your decree,
 Ye envious pow'rs, that we should only see
 This copy of your own divinity?
 Or thought, ye it surpassing human state,
 To have a blessing lasting as 'twas great?
 Your cruel skill you better ne'er had shown,
 Since you so soon design'd him all your own.
 Such soft'ring favours to the damn'd are giv'n,
 When, to encrease their hell, you show 'em heav'n.

** Ptolemy. †† Pompey.

Was it too godlike, he shou'd long inherit
 At once his father's, and his uncle's spirit?
 Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breast
 As the mild dame, whose teeming womb he blest.
 H' had all the favours providence cou'd give,
 Except its own prerogative to live;
 Reserv'd in pleasures, and in dangers bold;
 Youthful in action, and in prudence old;
 His humble greatness, and submissive state,
 Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
 One, who to all the heights of learning bred,
 Read books, and men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide globe scarce did the busie sun
 With greater haste, and greater lustre run.
 True gallantry and grandeur he descry'd,
 From the French fopperies, and German Pride.
 And like th' industrious bee, where-e'er he flew,
 Gather'd the sweets which on sweet blossoms grew.
 Babel's confused speeches on his tongue,
 With a sweet harmony and concord hung.
 More countries then for Homer did contest,
 Do strive who most were by his presence blest.
 Nor did his wisdom damp his martial fire,
 Minerva both her portions did inspire,
 Use of the warlike bow, and peaceful lyre.
 So Cæsar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
 Showing like wit, as valour when he fought.
 If God, as Plato taught, example takes
 From his own works, and souls by patterns makes,
 Much of himself in him he did unfold,
 And cast them in his darling Sidney's mold,
 Of too refin'd a substance to be old.
 Both did alike disdain an hero's rage,
 Shou'd come like an inheritance by age.
 Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the ivy, which their temples kist:

Scorn-

Scorning to wait the slow advance of time,
 Both fell like early blossoms in their prime,
 By blind events, and providence's crime.
 Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe
 Obtain'd the conquest, in their overthrow;
 And longer life do purchase by their death,
 In fame compleating what they want in breath:
 Oh! had kind fate stretch'd the contracted span,
 To the full glories of a perfect man;
 And as he grew, cou'd ev'ry rolling year
 A new addition to our wonder bear,
 H' had paid to his illustrious line that stock
 Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
 But oh!
 So hasty fruits, and too ambitious flow'rs.
 Scorning the midwifry of rip'ning show'rs,
 In spite of frosts, spring from th'unwilling earth,
 But find a nip untimely as their birth:
 Abortive issues so delude the womb,
 And scarce have being, ere they want a tomb:
 Forgive, my lord, the muse, that does aspire
 With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
 Whose each officious and unskilful sound
 Can with fresh torture but enlarge the wound:
 Cou'd I, with David, curse the guilty plain,
 Where one more lov'd than Jonathan was slain;
 Or cou'd I flights high as his merits raise,
 Clear as his virtue, deathless as his praise;
 None who, tho' laurels crown'd their aged head,
 Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
 With more devotion shou'd enrol his name
 In the long-consecrated list of fame.
 But since my artless and unhallow'd strain
 Will the high worth, it shou'd commend, profane;
 Since I despair my humble verse shou'd prove
 Great as your loss, or tender as your love

My heart with sighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief supply.

A POEM dedicated to the Blessed Memory of her late Gracious Majesty Queen MARY.

ONCE more, my muse, -- we must an altar raise; --
May it prove lasting, as Maria's praise;
And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom;
Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.

But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.

Some angel from your own, describe her frame,
For sure your godlike beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly sense, and resolution join'd;
A mein compos'd of mildness and of state,
Not by constraint, or affectation, great;
But form'd by nature for supream command;
Like Eve just moulded by the maker's hand;
Yet such her meekness, as half-vail'd the throne,
Lest being in too great a lustre shown,
It might debar the subject of access,
And make her mercies, and our comforts less.
So gods, of old, descending from their sphere
To visit men, like mortals did appear:
Lest their too awful presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless, and to delight.

Thus

Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
 From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
 She did her healing influence display,
 And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
 Within the circle of her radiant day;
 Reliev'd not only those who bounty sought,
 But gave unask'd, and as she gave, forgot;
 Found modest want in her obscure retreat,
 And courted tim'rous virtue to be great.
 The church, which William sav'd, was Mary's care,
 Taught by her life, and guarded by her prayer;
 What her devotions were, yon cherubs, tell,
 Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
 For here she wou'd not have her goodness known,
 But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
 And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own:
 Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
 She shou'd, alas! have been immortal too.

A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
 Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd,
 And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
 The hoary grandure of an aged queen,
 Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
 As that bright pair which rules the heav'nly sphere.

Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown,
 In him the rougher virtues of the throne;
 Of justice she at home the ballance held,
 Abroad, oppression by his sword was quell'd;
 The gen'rous lion, and the peaceful dove;
 The god of battle, and the queen of love,
 Did in their happy nuptials well agree;
 Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
 With smiles presided o'er her native sea.

Such too their meetings, when our monarch came
 With laurels loaden, and immortal fame;

As when the god on Hamus quits his arms,
 Softning his toils in Cytherea's charms:
 Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
 And lay the reins of empire at his feet?
 With the same temper as the Latian hind
 Was made dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd:
 So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
 And when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
 Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the slew,
 Forgot the scepter she so well had sway'd,
 And with that mildness, she had rul'd, obey'd;
 Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
 When in disguise he leaves his pow'r above,
 And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
 Of majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
 Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
 Our joy while living; our despair now dead.

Yet tho' with Mary one supporter fall,
 Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
 Of Sybill's books, that volume which remain'd
 The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
 When in the fiery carr Elijah fled,
 His spirit doubled on his partner's head:
 So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
 Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
 The grateful senate with one voice combine
 To breath their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
 By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
 Does on thy counsels, and thy courage wait:
 But when the vastness of thy grief they see,
 They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

• *Lucius Quintus.*

Blush

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they pass unselt away;
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.

The bravest heroes have the softest mind,
Their natures like the gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
For a lost mistress, in despair he fate,

And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:

But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion, from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans flew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.

Still greater is thy loss,—be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.

She who on earth secur'd thee by her pray'r,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel
there;

And hovering round thee with her heav'nly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.

Go then, by different paths to glory go,

The church's both estates with Mary show;

And while above she triumphs, fight below.—

'Tis done—our monarch to the camp returns,—

The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,

And earth and seas all bow at his command,

And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

The AUSTRIAN Eagle.

AT Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
 Bearing her thunder to the southern skies;
 Where a rash prince with an unequal sway,
 Inflames the region, and misguides the day;
 'Till the usurper from his chariot hurl'd,
 Leaves the true monarch to command the world.

The Nature of Dreams.

AT dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
 And fancy with her train loose, revels keeps,
 Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
 Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by days.
 For memory those images retains,
 Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
 Huntmen renew the chase they lately run,
 And gen'als fight again their battels won.
 Spectres and furies haunt the murd'ers dreams,
 Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
 The miser spys a thief, or a new hoard,
 The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
 Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
 With what we most abhor, or covet most.
 But of all passions, that our dreams controul,
 Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
 For vigorous fancy, and warm blood dispense
 Pleasures so lively that they rival sense.
 Such are the transports of a willing maid,
 Not yet by time, and place to act betray'd,

Whom

Whom spies, or some faint virtue force to fly
 That scene of joy, which yet she dyes to try;
 Till fancy bawds, and by mysterious charms,
 Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
 Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
 And curses the returns of envious light.
 In such blest dreams Biblys enjoys a flame,
 Which waking she detests, and dares not name;
 Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
 And in his airy visions cuckold Jove;
 Honours and state before this phantom fall;
 For sleep, like death, its image, equals all.

Verses imitated from the French of
 Monsieur MAYNARD, to Cardinal
 RICHELIEU.

I.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
 My muse was reckon'd wond'rous pretty;
 The sports and smiles did round her fly,
 Enamour'd with her smart conceits.

II.

Now, who'd have thought it once? with pain
 She strings her harp, whilst freezing Age
 But feebly runs thro' ev'ry vein,
 And chills my brisk poetick rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
 To wine and women, dead in law;
 And soon from fate I shall receive
 A summons to the shades to go.

IV.
 Whom I see, or some faint
 The warrior ghosts will round me come
 To hear of fam'd Ramillia's fight,
 Whilſt the vex'd Bourbons thro' the gloom
 Retire to th' utmost realms of night,
 And curſe the return of dawn's light.
 Then I, my lord, will tell how you
 With penſions every muſe inſpires
 Who Marlborough's conqueſts did purſue
 And to his trumpets tun'd the lute

But ſhould ſome rolling ſphere demand
 Well fir, what place had you, I pray?
 How like a coxcomb ſhould I ſtand!
 What would your lordſhip have me ſay

Verſes imitated from the French of
 Monsieur MAYNARD, to Cardinal
 RICHELIEU.

WHEN money and my blood ran high,
 My muſe was reckon'd wond'rous pretty;
 The ſports and miſes did round her fly,
 Baſtard with her ſmart conceits.

II.
 Now, whoſe have thought it once with pain
 ſhe ſtrikes her harp, while ſeeing Age
 But ſeely runs thro' ev'ry vein,
 And chills my brisk poetic rage.

III.
 I properly have ceas'd to live,
 To wine and women, band in law;
 And loſe from fate I ſhall receive
 The ſtrikes to go

JUVENAL.

THE EIGHTH SATYR.

The ARGUMENT.

In this satyr, the poet proves that nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: he lashes Rubellius Plancus, for being insolent, by reason of his high birth; and lays down an instance that not ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horses, who are valued rather according to their personal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He advises his noble friend Ponticus, to whom he dedicates the satyr, to lead a virtuous life, dissuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppression, cruelty, and other vices, by his severe censures on Lutatius, Damaspis, Gracchus, Nero, Catiline; and in opposition to these, displays the worth of persons meanly born, such as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The translator of this satyr industriously avoided imposing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes; but finding toward the latter end many examples of noblemen who disgrac'd their ancestors by vicious practices, and of men

meanly born, who enabled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought some historical relations were necessary towards rendering those instances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He wou'd gladly have left out the heavy passage of the Mirmillo and Retarius, which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himself to the strict rules of translation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphrasing, or reconciling the Roman customs to our modern usage, he hopes this freedom is pardonable, since he has not us'd it, but when he found the original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of such a change.

What's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the source our ancient blood?

To have our ancestors in paint or stone,
Preserv'd as relicks, or, like monsters shewn?
The brave *Emilii*, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous *Curii*, half by time defac'd,
The *Corvini*, with a mouldring nose, that bears
Injurious scars, the sad effects of years?
And *Galba* grinning without nose or ears?

Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Tho' plodding heralds thro' each branch may trace
Old captains and dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the brass which stands dishonour'd by.

'Tis meer burlesque, that to our gen'ral's praise
Their progeny immortal statues raise,
Yet, far from that old gallantry, delight
To game before their images all night,
And steal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when these their ensigns did display,

Why

Why should soft (1) Fabius impudently bear
 Names gain'd by conquests in the Gallic war?
 Why lays he claim to Hercules his strain,
 Yet dares be base, effeminate and vain?
 The glorious altar to that hero built,
 Adds but a greater lustre to his guilt,
 Whose tender limbs, and polish'd skin disgrace
 The grisly beauty of his manly race;
 And who by practising the dismal skill
 Of pois'ning, and such treach'rous ways to kill,
 Makes his unhappy kindred marble sweat,
 When his degen'rate head by theirs is set.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
 The follies which ill grace a country-hall,
 Challenge no wonder or esteem from me;
 " Virtue alone is true nobility.

Live therefore well; to men and gods appear,
 Such as good (2) Paulus, Cossus, Drusus, were;
 And in thy consular, triumphal show
 Let these before thy father's statues go;
 Place 'em before the (3) ensigns of the state,
 As chusing rather to be good than great;
 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;

(1) The family of the Fabii were descended of Hercules, in honour of whom the Romans built a temple in the Forum Boarium. Fabius Maximus, in remembrance of his services in the wars, against the people of Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiny, and other provinces of France, formerly known by the name of Allobroges, was surnam'd Allobrogicus, which title his son wou'd have assumed; whom our author here censures, as a man of an effeminate person, a profligate life, and of dangerous practices.

(2) Brave and virtuous Romans.

(3) The rods and axe, which were carried in processions, as badges of the consular dignity.

What.

Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first magnitude to me:
 Rome for your sake shall push her conquests on,
 And bring (4) new titles home from nations won;
 To dignify so eminent a son.
 With your blest name shall ev'ry region sound,
 Loud as mad Egypt, when her priests have found
 A new (5) Osiris, for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call those noble, who deface,
 By meaner acts, the glories of their race?
 Whose only title to their father's fame
 Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name;
 A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
 A Negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
 Be call'd Europa; and a curr may bear
 The name of tyger, lion, or whatever
 Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
 Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
 Shou'd thee just so with the mock-titles greet,
 Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and censure due?
 Rubellius Plancus; tis apply'd to you,
 Who think your person second to divine,
 Because descended from the Druman line;
 Tho' yet you no illustrious act have done,
 To make the world distinguish Julia's son

(4) Such as Getulicus, Africanus, Numantinus, Creticus.
 (5) Osiris, for teaching the Egyptians husbandry, had a
 temple built at Memphis; where he was worship'd in the
 shape of an ox, which the priests used to drown at a certain
 age; and gave out, their god was withdrawn, and absented
 himself for a few days; during which time 'twas their custom
 to go mourning and searching up and down till they found
 another ox to supply his place, and then they broke out with
 these exclamations, "we have found him, let's rejoice."

From the vile offspring of a troll, who sits
 By the town-wall, and for her living kills
 You are poor rogues, you cry, the baser sound
 And inconsiderable drops of Rome;
 Who know not from what corner of the earth
 The obscure wretch, who got you, stole his birth
 Mine I derive from Cæsar: (6) — may your grace
 Live, and enjoy the splendour of your race
 Yet of these base Plebeians we have known
 Some, who, by charming eloquence, have won
 Great senators, and honours to attain
 Some at the bar with subtilty defend
 The cause, of an unlearned wretch's friend
 Or on the bench the laws with equity
 Others their stronger arguments apply
 Go to Euphrates, or those forests join
 Which garrison the conquests near the Rhine
 While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely
 Tho' you resemble your great family
 No more, than those rough statues do the road
 Which we call Mercuries, are like that god
 Your blockhead tho' extol'd in this alone
 You are a living statue, that of stone
 Great son of Troy, who ever prais'd a beast
 For being of a race above the rest,
 But rather meant his courage, and his force
 To give an instance, how we should commend
 Without regard of past action or breed
 For his undaunted merit and his speed
 Who (7) with noble phœnix with great ease, and first
 Prints with his hoofs his conquest on the dust.

But

(6) The first king of Britain.
 (7) I have taken the liberty to give this simile a modern air, be-

But if fleet Dragon's progeny at last,
Proves jaded, and in frequent matches cast,
No favour for the Stallion we retain,
And no respect for the degenerate strain;
The worthless brute is from New-market brought,
And at an under-rate in Smithfield bought;
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a bakers wife,

That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
First, Sir, of some honour of your own acquire;
Add to that stock which justly we bestow
On those (8) blest shades to whom you all things owe;

This may suffice the haughty youth to shame,
Whose swelling veins, if we may credit fame,
Burst almost with the vanity and pride,
That their rich blood to Nerols inally'd;
The rumour's likely; for "We seldom find
" Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.

But, Ponticus, I would not you should raise
Your credit by borrowed praise;
Let your own acts immortalize your name;
" 'Tis poor relying on another's fame;
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm the lov'd.

Be a good soldier, an upright trustee,
An arbitrator from corruption free;
And if a witness in a doubtful cause,
Where a bold false witness means to elude the laws,

because it happens to agree exactly with the humour of our author.

(8) Meaning your ancestors, Rubellius Plancus.

Tho' I have taken the liberty to give this simile a modern twist.

Tho' (9) Phalaris his brazen bull were there,
 And he wou'd dictate what he'd have you swear,
 Be not so profligate, but rather chuse
 To guard your honour, and your life to lose,
 Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
 Virtue the noblest cause for which you're made.

" (†) Improperly we measure life by breath;
 " Such do not truly live who merit death;
 Tho' they their wanton senses nicely please
 With all the charms of luxury and ease;
 Tho' mingled flow'rs adorn their careless brow,
 And round 'em costly sweets neglected strow,
 As if they in their funeral state were laid,
 And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When (10) you the province you expect obtain,
 From passion and from avarice refrain;
 Let our associates poverty provoke
 Thy generous heart not to encrease their yoke;
 Since riches cannot rescue from the grave,
 Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

To what the laws enjoin, submission pay;
 And what the senate shall command, obey;
 Think what rewards upon the good attend,
 And how those fall unpitied who offend:

(9) Phalaris was a tyrant of Agrigentum in Sicily; to flatter whose cruelty, Perillus invented a brazen bull, wherein people might be roasted alive; and their cries were not unlike the bellowings of an ox: but the tyrant had the justice to reward the artizan as he deserv'd, by making him first try the experiment.

(†) This and the seven following verses are a sort of paraphrase upon two lines of the original, which I was forced to enlarge, because the sense of the author is too close and obscure.

(10) Speaking to Ponticus, &c.

Tutor

Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
 Who felt the thunder of the states decree,
 For robbing the Cilicians, tho' they,
 Like lesser pikes, only subtil on prey.
 But what avails the rigour of their doom,
 Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
 Nor give the miserable province ease,
 Since what one plund'rer left, the next will seize?
 Cherippus (11) then, in time your self bethink,
 And what your rage will yield by auction, sink;
 Ne'er put your self to charges to complain
 Of wrong which heretofore you did sustain,
 Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
 'Tis mad to lavish what their rapine left.

When Rome at first our rich allies subord,
 From gentle taxes noble spoils accrud;
 Each wealthy province, but in part oppress'd,
 Thought the loss trivial, and enjoy'd the rest.
 All treasuries did then with heaps abound,
 In ev'ry wardrobe costly silks were found;
 The least apartment of the meanest house
 Cou'd all the wealthy pride of art produce;
 Pictures which from (12) Parrhasius did receive
 Motion and warmth, and statues taught to live;
 Some (12) Polyclete's, some Myron's work declar'd,
 In others (12) Phidias' masterpiece appear'd;
 And crowding plate did on the cupboard stand,
 Emboss'd by curious (12) Mentor's artful hand.
 Prizes like these oppressors might invite,
 These (13) Dolabella's rapine did excite,

(11) Any poor man who is oppress'd.

(12) Famous painters, statuaries, and other artizans.

(13) Proconsuls of Asia and Sicily.

These (13) Antony for his own theft thought fit;
 (13) Verres for these did sacrilege commit;
 And when their reigns were ended, ships full fraught
 The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
 Which made in peace a treasure richer far
 Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.
 This was of old; but our confederates now
 Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
 Or some few mares reserv'd alone for breed;
 Yet lest this provident design succeed,
 They drive the father of the herd away,
 Making both stallion, and his pasture prey.
 Their rapine is so abject and prophane,
 They not from trifles, nor from gods refrain;
 But the poor Lares from the niches seize,
 If they be little images that please.
 Such are the spoils which now provoke their theft,
 And are the greatest, nay they're all that's left.

Thus may (14) you (15) Corinth, or weak Rhodes
 oppress,
 Who dare not bravely what they feel redress:
 For how can fops thy tyranny controul;
 "Smooth limbs are symptoms of a servile soul.
 But trespass not too far on sturdy Spain,
 Sclavonia, France; thy gripes from those restrain,
 Who with their (16) sweat Rome's luxury maintain,
 And send us plenty, while our wanton day
 Is lavish'd at the Circus, or the play.
 For, shou'd you to extortion be inclin'd,
 Your cruel guilt will little booty find,

(14) Returning to Ponticus.

(15) The inhabitants of these places were effeminate, and easy to be enslav'd.

(16) The people of Afric, who supply'd Rome with corn.

Since gleanings (17) Marius has already seiz'd
All that from sun-burnt Afric can be squeez'd.

But above all, " Be careful to with-hold
" Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
" Tempt not the brave and needy to despair;
" For, tho' your violence shou'd leave 'em bare
" Of gold and silver, swords and darts remain,
" And will revenge the wrongs which they sustain:
" The plundred still have arms.——

Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fixt and sure as the decrees of fate.

Let none but men of honour you attend,
Chuse him that has most virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To sell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from strolling up and down,
To all affizes and through ev'ry town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey,
For which your justice, and your fame will pay.
Keep your self free from scandals such as these;
Then trace your birth from (18) Picus, if you please:
If he's too modern, and your pride aspire
To seek the author of your being higher,
Chuse any Titan who the gods withstood,
To be the founder of your antient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood.
Or any other story you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.

But shou'd you prove ambitious, lustful, vain;
Or cou'd you see with pleasure and disdain,

(17) Marius Priscus.

(18) The first king of the Latines,

Rods broke on our associates bleeding backs,
 And heads-men lab'ring till they blunt their ax;
 Your father's glory will your sin proclaim,
 And to a clearer light expose your shame;

" For still more publick scandal vice extends,
 " As he is great and noble who offends.

How dare (19) you then your high extraction plead,
 Yet blush not when you go to forge a deed,
 In the same temple which your grandfire built;
 Making his statue privy to the guilt;
 Or in a bawdy masquerade are led
 Muffled by night to some polluted bed.

Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
 Where his fore-fathers peaceful ashes sleep;
 Driving himself a chariot down the hill,
 And, tho' a consul, links himself the wheel:
 To do him justice, 'tis indeed by night,
 Yet the moon sees, and ev'ry smaller light
 Pries as a witness of the shameful fight:
 Nay when his year of honour's ended, soon
 He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
 Nor blush shou'd he some grave acquaintance meet,
 But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
 And when his fellow beasts are weary grown,
 He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub 'em down.

If after (20) Numa's ceremonial way
 He at Jove's altar wou'd a victim slay,

(19) The poet in this place speaks neither to Rubellius nor Ponticus, but in general to any perjur'd or debauch'd nobleman.

(20) Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, the better to civilize the savage humour of the people, first introduced among them the fear and worship of the gods, and instituted the rites and ceremonies of priests, oaths, and sacrifices.

To no clean goddeſs he directs his pray'rs,
 But by (21) Hippona moſt devoutly ſwears,
 Or ſome rank deity, whoſe filthy face
 We ſuitably o'er ſtinking ſtables place,

When he has run his length, and does begin
 To ſteer his courſe directly for the inn,
 Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night,
 A greaſy Syrian, ere he can alight,
 Preſents him eſſence, while his courteous hoſt,
 Well knowing nothing by good breeding's loſt,
 Tags ev'ry ſentence with ſome ſawning word,
 Such as My King, My Prince, at leaſt My Lord,
 And a tight maid, e'er he for wine can aſk,
 Gueſſes his meaning, and unſoils the flaſk.

Some, friends to vice, induſtriouſly defend
 Theſe innocent diverſions, and pretend
 That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
 Alledging, that when young, we did the ſame.
 I grant we did; yet when that age was paſt,
 The frolick humour did no longer laſt;
 We did not cheriſh and indulge the crime:
 What's foul in acting ſhou'd be left in time.
 'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with childhood end,
 We therefore wink at waga when they offend,
 And ſpare the boy in hopes the man may mend.
 But Lateranus, now his vig'rous age
 Shou'd prompt him for his country to engage,
 The circuit of our empire to extend,
 And all our lives, in Caſar's, to defend,
 Mature in riots, places his delight
 All day in plying bumpers, and at night

(21) Hippona was the goddeſs of jockies and horſes,

Reels to the bawds, over whose doors are set
 Pictures and bills, with "here are whores to let."
 Shou'd any desperate unexpected fate
 Summon all heads and hands to guard the state,
 Cæsar, send quickly to secure the (22) port;
 But where's the General? Where does he resort?
 Send to the sutler's; there you're sure to find
 The bully match'd with rascals of his kind,
 Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and sailors;
 Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves and tailors;
 With Cybele's priests, who, weary'd with processions,
 Drink there, and sleep with knaves of all professions,
 A friendly gang! each equal to the best;
 And all, who can, have liberty to jest;
 One flaggon walks the round, that none shou'd think
 They either change, or stint him of his drink,
 And lest exceptions may for place be found,
 Their stools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, your self might do,
 Shou'd any slave, so lewd, belong to you?
 No doubt, you'd send the rogue in fetters bound,
 To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
 But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
 Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
 Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
 As if what we esteem in coblers base,
 Wou'd the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are these examples, yet we find
 To Rome's disgrace far worse than these behind:
 Poor Damasippus, whom we once have known
 Flutt'ring with coach and six about the town,
 Is forc'd to make the stage his last retreat,
 And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat,

(12) Ostia, the mouth of the river Tiber,

For now he must, since his estate is lost,
 Or represent, or be himself, a ghost:
 And Lentulus acts hanging with such art,
 Were I a judge, he shou'd not feign the part.
 Nor wou'd I their vile insolence acquit,
 Who can with patience, nay diversion, sit,
 Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
 And clapping farces acted by the court,
 While the peers cuff, to make the rabble sport;
 Or hirelings, at a price, their fortunes try,
 Certain to fall unpity'd if they dye;
 Since none can have the favourable thought
 That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
 But that their lives they willingly expose,
 Bought by the prætors to adorn their shows.

Yet say, the stage and list were both in fight,
 And you must either chuse to act, or fight;
 Death never sure bears such a ghastly shape,
 That a rank coward basely wou'd escape
 By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
 Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
 Yet a peer actor is no monstrous thing,
 Since Rome has own'd a (23) Fidler for a King:
 After such pranks, the world it self at best
 May be imagin'd nothing but a jest.

Go (24) to the lists where feats of arms are shown,
 There you'll find Gracchus, from patrician, grown
 A fencer and the scandal of the town.

Nor

(23) Meaning Nero, whom he censures severely in the pages following, Fig. 33.

(24) This period is perplexed, and I fear will not be understood in our language, being only a description of the Roman gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different names according to the arms and habit they appear'd with; one fought with

Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
 The modest helmet he disdains to wear;
 As Retiarius he attacks his foe:
 First waves his trident ready for the throw,
 Next casts his net, but neither level'd right,
 He stares about expos'd to publick fight,
 Then places all his safety in his flight.
 Room for the noble gladiator! see
 His coat and hatband shew his quality.
 Thus when at last the brave Mirmillo knew
 'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did pursue,
 To conquer such a coward griev'd him more,
 Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.
 Had (25) we the freedom to express our mind,
 There's not a wretch so much to vice inclin'd,

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But

with a cymeter in his right hand, a target on his left arm, and an helmet on his head; he was call'd Mirmillo, or Secutor. The other wore a short coat without sleeves, call'd Tunica; a hat on his head; he carry'd in his right hand a javelin fork'd like a Trident, call'd Fuscina; and on his left arm a Net, in which he endeavour'd to catch his adversary, and from thence was call'd Retiarius. The meaning of the poet is, to reprehend Gracchus, whom he had before rebuked in the second satyr, for three vices at once: for his baseness, forasmuch as being a nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the publick theatre: for his impudence, in not chusing an habit which might have kept him disguis'd, and hindred him from being known: and for his cowardise in running away.

(25) For the clearer understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to give a short abridgment of Nero's cruelties, follies and end: which may be found at large in his life, written by Suetonius and Tacitus, and in the continuation which Mr. Saville has added to his translation of the last of these authors, by way of supplement to what is wanting betwixt the annals and the history. But I shall only relate what I find mention'd in this satyr, and shall begin with his parricides.

But will own (26) Seneca did far excell
 His pupil, by whose tyranny he fell :
 To expiate whose complicated guilt,
 With some proportion to the blood he spilt,
 Rome (27) shou'd more serpents, apes, and facks provide
 Than one, for the compendious parricide.
 'Tis true (28) Orestes a like crime did act ;
 Yet weigh the cause, there's difference in the fact :

He

(26) Upon suspicion that Seneca his tutor had some knowledge of the conspiracy which Piso was carrying on against his person, Nero laid hold on this opportunity to rid himself of the uneasy censurer of his vices, yet allow'd him the liberty of chusing the manner of his death. Seneca was apprehensive of pain, and therefore desir'd to have his veins open'd, which he judg'd might be the most easy and pleasant method of dying ; but finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his friend and physician, Annæus Statius, to give him a draught of poison, which too operating very slowly, by reason his veins were exhausted, and his limbs chill'd, the standers-by, to make quicker dispatch, smother'd him with the stem of an hot bath. Juvenal not unjustly places this murder of Seneca among Nero's parricides, since a tutor ought to be esteem'd as a civil parent.

(27) This bold thought and expression of Juvenal, is grounded on the Roman laws, whereby parricides were condemn'd to be sow'd up in a bag, call'd Culeus, with a cock, a monkey, a serpent and a dog, and thrown together into the sea, or any neighbouring river. This punishment of drowning in a sack, is still us'd in several parts of Germany, but without the company of those creatures above mention'd.

(28) The story of Orestes, betwixt whom and Nero, Juvenal wou'd draw a parallel, is this ; his mother Clytemnestra finding her husband Agamemnon was return'd alive from the siege of Troy, and fearing he might revenge her amours with Egeus, with whom she had lived in adultery during her husband's absence, she thought the safest way might be to assassinate Agamemnon, by the help of Egeus, at his first reception, and before he could suspect such an attempt. The manner how they dispatch'd him, is reported differently. Some

authors

He (29) slew his mother at the god's command,
 They bid him strike, and did direct his hand,
 To punish falshood, and appease the ghost
 Of his poor father treacherously lost,
 Just in the minute when the flowing bowl
 With a full tide enlarg'd his chearful soul,
 Yet kill'd he not his (31) sister, or his (30) wife,
 Nor (32) aim'd at any near relation's life;

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Orestes

authors relate, that as he was changing his linnen, he was stifed in a shirt sow'd together at the neck. But Homer in the 4th and 11th books of his *odysey*, where he describes this murder, is of Juvenal's opinion, that he was kill'd at a banquet, when he little expected such treatment. *Egytheus* after this murder married *Clytemnestra*, and usurp'd the kingdom of *Mycena* 7 years: during which time, *Orestes* grew up to man's estate, and by the instigation of his sister *Electra*, and the assistance of some neighbouring princes, march'd from *Athens*, destroy'd and murder'd the usurper; and at last, under pretence of being mad, stabb'd his mother. *Homer*, as well as our author, justifies this revenge, as being undertaken by the advice of the gods; and *Paterculus* infers, they must needs have approved the action, since *Orestes*, after it, lived long, and reigned happily.

(29) *Nero* cou'd not suffer his mother *Agrippina*, because of her encroaching on his government; for which reason he made frequent attempts upon her life, but without success, till at last *Anicetus* his bondman, undertook to stab her; which she perceiving, and guessing by whose orders he came, clapt her hand upon her belly, and bid him, with great presence of mind, strike there, supposing it deserv'd that punishment for bearing such a monster.

(30) He ordered his first wife *Octavia* to be publicly executed, upon a false accusation of adultery, and kill'd his second wife *Poppæa*, when she was big with child, by a kick on the belly.

(31) *Britannicus*, his brother by adoption, was poison'd by his orders, out of jealousy lest he shou'd supplant him. And *Antonia*, *Claudius*'s daughter, was executed under pretence of a conspiracy, but in truth because she refused to marry *Nero* after the death of *Poppæa*.

(32) He caus'd *Rufinus Crispinus*, son to *Poppæa*, to be drown'd

Orestes, in the heat of all his rage,
 Ne'er (33) play'd or sung upon a publick stage;
 Never (34) on verse did his wild thoughts employ,
 To paint the horrid scene of burning Troy,
 Like Nero, who to raise his fancy higher,
 And finish the great work, set Rome on fire. Had a man
 Such (35) crimes make treason just, and might compel
 Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel:

For

drown'd as he was fishing; and Aulus Plancus, a relation of his mother's, to be kill'd, because she was fond of him.

I need mention no more of these unnatural murders, but go on to his other extravagancies.

(33) He was industrious to be esteem'd the best musician of his age; and at his death, regretted nothing more sensibly, than that the world shou'd lose so great a master. To maintain this reputation, he frequently condescended to act and sing upon the theatre among the ordinary comedians, and took a journey to Greece on purpose to try his skill against the most famous artists of that country; from whom he bore away the garland, which was the usual recompence of the best performer, return'd to Rome in triumph, as if he had conquered a province; and order'd both the garland and instrument to be hung up among the banners and honours of his family.

(34) He had likewise a great vanity towards being thought a good poet, and made verses on the destruction of Troy, call'd Troica; and 'tis reported he burnt Rome, to be more lively and natural in his description: tho' 'tis more probable he destroy'd the old fashion'd buildings, out of dislike to the narrowness and crookedness of the streets, and to have the honour of rebuilding the city better, and calling it by his own name.

(35) These monstrous frolicks and cruelties cou'd not but make his people weary of his government. Virginius Rufus, who was his lieutenant-general in Gaul, by the assistance of Junius Vindex, a nobleman of that country, soon persuaded the armies under his command to fall from their allegiance; and solicited Sergius Galba, who was lieutenant-general in Spain, to do the like, by offering him the empire in favour of mankind; which he at last accepted, upon intimation that Nero had issu'd

out

For what cou'd Nero's self have acted worse,
To aggravate the wretched nation's curse?

These are the best endowments, studies, arts,
Which exercise our mighty emperor's parts:
Such frolicks with his roving genius suit,
On (33) foreign theatres to prostitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parsly crown.

Let (33) this triumphal chaplet find some place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's statues shall be laid,
The habit and the mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold Thyestes' part,
While your wild nature little wanted art,
And on the marble pillar shall be hung
The lute to which the royal madman sung.

Who, (36) Catiline, can boast a nobler line,
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?

Yet

out secret orders to dispatch him; and march'd with all the forces he cou'd gather, towards Rome. Nero not being in a condition to oppose such troops, fell into despair, which turn'd to an uncertainty what measures to take, whether to poyson himself, or beg pardon of the people, or endeavour to make his escape. The last of these methods seem'd most adviseable; he therefore put himself into disguise, and crept with four attendants only into a poor cottage; where perceiving he was pursued, as a sacrifice to the publick vengeance, and apprehending the rabble wou'd treat him barbarously, if he fell into their hands; with much ado he resolv'd to stab himself.

(36) Catiline's conspiracy is a story too well known to be insisted on: he was of a noble family, but by his extravagancies had reduc'd himself to great want, which engaged him in bad practices. The Roman armies were then pursuing conquests in remote provinces, which Catiline judg'd the most seasonable opportunity for undertaking some desperate design: he therefore

entred

Yet you took arms, and did by night conspire
 To set our houses and our gods on fire:
 An enterprize which might indeed become
 Our enemies, the Gauls, not sons of Rome,
 To recompense whose barbarous intent
 Pitch'd (37) shirts wou'd be too mild a punishment,
 But (38) Tully, our wise consul, watch'd the blow,
 With care discover'd, and disarm'd the foe;

Tully,

entred into a conspiracy with Cethegus, Lentulus, and other senators, and persons considerable by their births and employments, to make themselves absolute masters of their country, by seizing the senate, plundering the treasury, and burning the city.

(37) Incendiaries by the Roman law were wrapt in a pitch'd coat, which they call'd *Tunica Molesta*, and burnt alive: as we see by Tacitus, Ann. Sect. 44. where Nero after having set Rome on fire, lays the blame and punishment upon the christians, by ordering them, with a cruel jest, to be light up, and serve as torches, when it was dark.

(38) One Fulvia, whom Livy calls a common whore, tho' Plutarch makes her pass for a lady of quality, came to have some knowledge of this enterprize, and discover'd it to Cicero, a person whom Paterculus elegantly calls *Virum Novitatis Nobilissimæ*, since he was a man of mean parentage born at Arpinum, an inconsiderable town among the Volscians, but by his eloquence rais'd himself to the chief dignities of state, and happened to be consul at that time, who assembled the senate, and by a severe oration accused and convicted Catiline: however he, with a few of his party, found means to make his escape towards Tuscany, and put himself at the head of some troops which Manlius had got together in those parts, threatening publicly that he wou'd put out the fire of the city by the ruins of it. In the mean time Cethegus, Lentulus, and several other complices, were seized and strangled in prison by order of the senate, at Cato's persuation: and Caius Antonius Nepos, who was joint consul with Tully, march'd with what forces he could raise against Catiline, who in a sharp battel was kill'd upon the spot, with most of his followers, and, as Paterculus observes, *Quem spiritum supplicio debuerat, prælio reddidit.*

Tully, the humble mushroom, scarcely known,
 The lowly native of a country town,
 Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
 Of being honour'd as a Roman knight,
 Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
 Dealing an equal share to every ward,
 And by the peaceful robe got more renown
 Within our walls, than young Octavius won
 By (39) victories at Actium, or the plain
 Of Thessaly (40) discolour'd by the slain:
 Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
 The father of his country, which he freed.

Marius (41) another consul we admire,
 In the same village born, first plow'd for hire;
 His next advance was to the soldier's trade,
 Where, if he did not nimbly ply the spade,
 His surly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
 His knotty cudgel on his tougher back;
 Yet he alone secur'd the tott'ring state,
 Withstood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
 So when the eagles to their quarry flew,
 Who never such a goodly banquet knew,

Only

(39) A promontory of Epirus, near the island Leucas, where Antony and Cleopatra were ruin'd by a famous sea fight.

(40) The fields near Philippi in Thessaly, where Brutus and Cassius were defeated.

(41) Caius Marius, was likewise born at Arpinum, and of such poor parents, that he was first a plowman, then a common soldier, yet at last by his merit arrived to the highest employments. Once while he was consul, for that honour was seven times conferr'd on him, the Cimbrians attempted to make an excursion into Italy: but he kill'd 14,000 of them, and made 60,000 prisoners: for which victory a triumph was ordain'd him by the senate; but to decline the envy which might be rais'd by his good fortune, he solicited that Q. Lucatius Catulus, his colleague, who was of a noble family, might be permitted to triumph with him, tho' he had no share in the action.

Only a second laurel did adorn
 His colleague Catulus, tho' nobly born;
 He shar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
 But Marius won the glory of the day.

From (42) a mean stock the pious Decii came;
 Small their estates, and vulgar was their name;
 Yet such their virtues, that their loss alone
 For Rome and all our legions did atone;
 Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
 Themselves more worth than all the host they sav'd.
 The (43) last good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
 Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;

Yet

(42) Among the Romans there was a superstition, that if their general would consent to be devoted, or sacrificed to Jupiter, Mars, the earth, and the infernal gods, all the misfortunes which otherwise might have happened to his party, would by his death be transferred on their enemies. This opinion was confirmed by several successful instances, particularly two, in the persons of the Decii, the father and son here mentioned. The first being consul with Manlius, in the wars against the Latins, and perceiving the left wing, which he commanded, give back, he called out to Valerius the high priest, to perform on him the ceremony of consecration, which we find describ'd by Livy in his 8th Book, and immediately spurr'd his horse into the thickest of his enemies forces, where he was killed, and the Roman army gain'd the battel. His son died in the same manner, in the wars against the Gauls, and the Romans likewise obtain'd the victory.

(43) Servius Tullius was son to Oriculana, whom Juvenal calls a serving-maid, but Livy supposes her to have been wife to a prince of Corniculum, who was kill'd at the taking of the town, and his wife was carried away captive by Tarquinius Priscus, and presented as a slave to his wife Tanaquil, in whose service she was delivered of this Tullius. The family had a great respect for the child, because of a lambent fire they observed to play about his head while he slept, which was interpreted as an omen of his future greatness; therefore care was taken of his education, and at last he was contracted to

the

Yet he those robes of empire justly bore
Which Romulus, our sacred founder, wore;
Nicely he gain'd, and well possess'd the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himself a family alone.

When (44) Tarquin, his proud successor, was quell'd,
And with him lust and tyranny expell'd;

The

the king's daughter: Whereupon Ancus Martius's two sons, who were the true heirs of the crown, fearing his marriage might hinder their succession, hired two shepherds to assassinate Tarquinius, which they undertook, but could not execute so dexterously as was expected; for the king lived some days after the blow was given, during which time Tanaquil caus'd the gates of the palace to be kept shut, and amus'd the people, who were eager on a new election, with assurances that the wound was not mortal; that the king was in a fair way of recovery, and till he could appear abroad, required them to pay obedience to Servius Tullius; who, by this means, first got possession of the government in the king's name, and after his death usurp'd it 44 years in his own. At last he was forced out of the senate by Lucius Tarquinius, thrown down stairs, and murdered by his orders. Livy adds this commendation, that with him "justa ac legitima regna occiderunt;" which agrees with Juvenal's calling him the last good king.

For (44) Tarquin, who reigned 25 years after him, was hated for his pride and cruelty, and for the barbarous rape which his son Sextus committed on Lucretia, wife to Collatinus; who, by the help of (46) L. Junius Brutus, reveng'd this injury, by driving Tarquin and his whole race out of Rome, which from that time began to be governed by consuls; and the better to secure their liberty, Brutus administered an oath by which the Romans oblig'd themselves never to suffer any more kings, and made a decree, which proved fatal to his family, whereby it was declared a capital crime in any person who should endeavour by any means to bring back the Tarquins. However, they gave not over their pretensions, but sent ambassadors under pretence of soliciting that their estates at least might be restored them, but underhand to insinuate themselves among the loose young noblemen, who grew weary of a commonwealth, because the rigour of their new laws

The consul's (45) sons, who, for their country's good
 And to inhanse the honour of their blood,
 Shou'd have asserted what their (46) father won,
 And, to confirm that liberty, have done }
 Actions which (47) Cocles might have wish'd his own, }
 What might to (48) Mutius wonderful appear,
 And what bold (49) Clelia might with envy hear,
 Open'd the gates, endeavouring to restore
 Their banish'd king, and arbitrary power ;
 Whilst a poor (50) slave, with scarce a name, betray'd
 The horrid ills these well born rogues had laid ;

Who

laws did not tolerate that licentious way of living, which they enjoy'd under the government of their kings, and to concert with them the best methods towards their restoration. This design was first propos'd to the Aquilii and Vitellii: the last of these were brothers to Brutus's wife, and by that alliance easily engaged (45) Titus and Tiberius, two sons he had by her, in the conspiracy, the sum of which was, that the gates of the city should be left open for the Tarquins to enter in the night time; and that the ambassadors might be assur'd of their sincerity, each member of the cabal delivered them, the night before they were to return, letters under their own hands for the Tarquins, with promises to this effect.

(47) Horatius Cocles being posted to guard a bridge, which he perceived the enemy would soon be master of, he stood resolutely, and oppos'd part of their army, while the party he commanded repass'd the bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himself, armed as he was, into the Tyber, and escap'd to the city.

(48) Mutius Scaevola went into the enemies camp with a resolution to kill their king Porfenna, but instead of striking him, stabb'd one of his guards; and being brought before the king, and finding his error, in indignation he burn'd off his right hand as a penalty for his mistake.

(49) Clelia, a Roman virgin, who was given to Porfenna as an hostage, made her escape from the guards, and swam over the Tyber.

(50) Vindicius, a slave who waited at table, by chance over-

Who therefore for their treason justly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.

If you have strength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to sustain a ten years war;
Tho' foul (51) Therfites got thee, thou shalt be
More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from some Hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.

Boast then your blood, and your long lineage stretch
As high as Rome, and its great founder's reach;
You'll find, in these hereditary tales,
Your ancestors the (22) scum of broken jayles :

And

over-heard part of their discourse; and comparing these circumstances with some others he had observ'd in their former conferences, he went straight to the consuls, and told what he had discovered. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the ambassadors, the letters above mentioned were intercepted, the criminals seiz'd, and the proof being evident against them, they suffered the punishment, which was newly introduced, of being tied naked to a stake, where they were first whipt by the lictors, then beheaded: and Brutus, by virtue of his office, was unhappily obliged to see this rigorous sentence on his own children.

To pursue the story; the Tarquins finding their plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by treachery, struck up an alliance with Porcenna, King of Tuscany, who, pretending to restore them by open force, march'd with a numerous army, and besieged Rome: but was soon surpriz'd with three such instances of the Roman bravery, in the persons of Cocles, Mutius, and Clelia, that he withdrew his army, and courted their friendship.

(51) The ugly buffoon of the Grecian army.

(52) Romulus finding the city call'd by his name, not sufficiently peopled, established an asylum, or sanctuary, where

all

And (53) Romulus, your honour's antient source,
But a poor shepherd's boy, for something worse,

all out-laws, vagabonds, and criminals of what nature soever,
who could make their escape thither, might live in all freedom
and security.

(53) The author either means the bastard of Mars and
Rhea Sylvia, a vestal virgin, of whose rape we have a rela-
tion in the beginning of Ovid's third book de fastis, or a parric-
ide, for killing his brother Remus.



HORACE.

HORACE. BOOK III.
ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

Dear Molly, why so oft in tears?
Why all those jealousies and fears,
For thy bold son of thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy closet shall be stor'd with Nants;
Ye ladies like such plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he fights
For thee in lowly cabbin:
And tho' the captain's Chloe cries,
'Tis I, dear bully, prythee rise —
He will not let the drab in

III.

But she, the cunning'st jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By sharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows, he shall be dubb'd a knight,
When she is made a countess.

E

IV.

IV.

Then tells of smooth young pages whipp'd,
 Cashier'd and of their liv'ries stripp'd;
 Who late to peers belonging,
 Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
 With links, because they would not drudge
 To save their ladies longing.

V.

But Vol the eunuch cannot be
 A colder cavalier than he,
 In all such love-adventures:
 Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
 Some christian care, and do not break
 Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! who does not Bellair know?
 The wit, the beauty, and the beau,
 Gives out, he loves you dearly:
 And many a nymph attack'd with sighs,
 And soft impertinence and noise,
 Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
 Shall come with am'rous serenade,
 Soon from the window rate him:
 But if reproof will not prevail,
 And he perchance attempt to scale,
 Discharge the Jordan at him.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

Verſes immortal as my bays I ſing,
 When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
 When by ſtrange art both voice and lyre agree
 To make one pleaſing harmony.
 All poets are by their blind captain led;
 For none e're had the ſacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head,
 Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
 Hath ſtill this praiſe, that none preſume to fly
 Like him, but ſtag too low, or ſoar too high.
 Still does Steſichorus's tongue
 Sing ſweeter than the bird which on it hung.
 Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from every verſe does flow;
 Still Sappho's ſtrings do ſeem to move,
 Inſtructing all her ſex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
 More than Hellen did enſnare;
 Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
 And wond'ring, melted to deſire.
 Not only ſkilful Tencer knew
 To direct arrows from the bended yew.
 Troy more than once did fall,
 Tho' hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
 Was Stenelus the only valiant he,
 A ſubject fit for laſting poetry?

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Was

Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
 Who, to save others lives, expos'd his own?
 Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
 And be the pillar of a tot'ring state?

No; others bury'd in oblivion lye,

As silent as their grave,

Because no charitable poet gave

Their well-deserv'd immortality.

III.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
 Are levell'd in th' impartial grave,
 If they no poet have.

But I will lay my musick by,

And bid the mournful strings in silence lye;

Unless my songs begin and end with you,
 To whom my strings, to whom my songs are due.
 No pride does with your rising honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.

Should fortune change your happy state,

You could admire, yet envy not the great;

Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
 Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail.
 You with a gen'rous honesty despise

What all the meaner world so dearly prize:

Nor does your virtue disappear,

With the small circle of one short-liv'd year:

Others, like comets, visit and away;

Your lustre, great as theirs, find no decay,

But with the constant sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarously call them blest,

Who are of largest tencements possess,

Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.

More truly happy those who can

I Govern that little empire, Man;

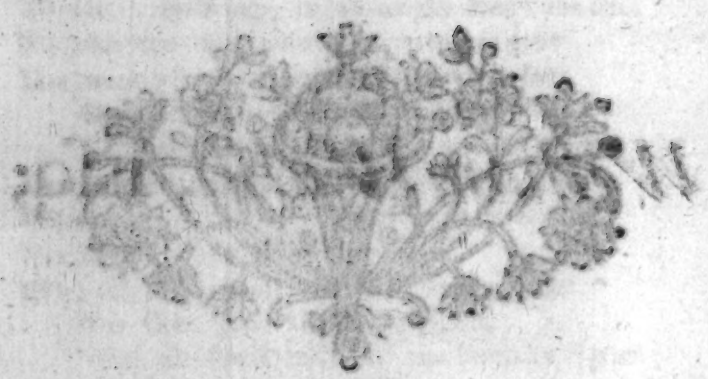
Bridle their passions and direct their will;
 Thro' all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill;
 Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n;
 By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n;
 Who in a fixt unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
 And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
 Who poison less than falshood fear,
 Leth to purchase life so dear;
 But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
 And seal their country's love with their departing breath.



G. STEPHENSON

And to their garden and their hall
They all the winter long
Who spent their winter days
In the house of the
Who in a far
Smile at the double
And soon after
Who person
And to
The
And

WORKS



THE

THE
WORKS
OF
William Walsh, Esq;

(72)

LETTERS

G. W. A.

P. O. F. M. S.

W O R K S

70

William Walsh, Esq;

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LETTERS

AND

POEMS,

AMOROUS and GALLANT.

PREFACE.

IT has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book. That which may make somewhat of this kind more necessary in my case than others, is, that a great part of this collection consists of familiar letters, which sort of writing some learned persons among us have thought unfit to be publish'd. It must be confest indeed, that a great beauty of letters does often consist in little passages of private conversation, and references to particular matters, that can be understood by none but those to whom they are written: but to draw a general
con-

conclusion from thence, that familiar letters can please none, but those very persons, is to conclude against the common experience of all the world; since besides the great applauses have been given the letters of Cicero and Pliny among the Romans; we see no book has been better received among the Spaniards, than the letters of Guevara; or among the French, than those of Voiture and Balsac: not to mention the Italians, among whom there has been hardly any considerable man, who has not publish'd letters with good success. What may have contributed very much to the kind reception these things have met, is, that there is no sort of writing so necessary for people to understand as this. A man may have a great deal of wit, without being able to write verses or make harangues; and may live in very good repute, without having occasion of doing either. But a man can hardly live in the world, without being able to write letters. There is no state of life in which a faculty of that kind is not requisite; and there are few days pass, in which a man has not occasion to make use of it.

The style of letters ought to be free, easy, and natural: as near approaching to familiar conversation as possible. The two best qualities in conversation, are good humour and good breeding; those letters are therefore certainly the best that shew the most of those two qualities. There are some men so surly, so ill-natur'd, and so ill bred, that tho' we can hardly deny 'em to have wit, yet we can say, at least, that we are sorry they have it. And indeed, as their wit is troublesome to other people, so I can hardly imagine of what great use it can be to themselves. For if the end of wit be not to render one's self agreeable, I shall scarce ever see any other use they can make of it.

The second part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of
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the antients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have publish'd upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such as are naturally for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions, that none meet with, but themselves, and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprizing and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right; we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love-verses: and that I take, not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetch'd similes, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses, as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is

not natural for a lover in transports of jealousy to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleas'd with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desert with his mistress, where never any human footsteps appear'd, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe a man may love a woman so well, as to desire no company but hers; but I can never believe a man can love a woman so well, as to have no need of meat and drink if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love, and that indeed very grossly too, while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the antients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people seeing the great credit he had, and has, indeed, to this day, not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never enquiring whether the way he took was the right or not.

There are no modern writers perhaps who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets.

Never

P R E F A C E.

G

Never was there a more copious fancy or greater reach of wit, than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more gallant or gentle than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or sprightly than those of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be observ'd, that among all these, that softness, tenderness, and violence of passion which the ancients thought most proper for love-verses, is wanting; and at the same time that we must allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit; Mr. Waller a very gallant writer; Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great genius; yet methinks I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me that the ancients, who could never have handsomer women than we have, should nevertheless be so much more in love than we are. But it is probable the great reason of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man must be imprudent indeed to let his passion take very deep root, when he has no reason to expect any sort of return to it. And if it be so, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleas'd sometimes to abate a little of their rigour, for the propagation of good verse. I do not mean, that they should confer their favours upon none but men of wit: that would be too great a confinement indeed: but that they would admit them upon the same foot with other people; and, if they please now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three sorts of poems that are proper for love: pastorals, elegies, and lyrick verses, under which last I comprehend all songs, odes, sonnets, madrigals, and stanza's. Of all these, pastoral is the lowest, and, upon that account, perhaps most proper for love: since it is the

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the nature of that passion to render the soul soft and humble. These three sort of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the designs, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verses of Pastoral and Elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the first ought to be looser and not so sonorous as the other; the thoughts more simple, more easy, and more humble. The design ought to be the representing the life of a shepherd, not only by talking of sheep and fields, but by shewing us the truth, sincerity and innocence that accompanies that sort of life. For tho' I know our masters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conform'd in this point of innocence; Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil in his Alexis, plac'd his passion upon a boy; yet, if we may be allow'd to censure those whom we must always reverence, I take both those things to be faults in their poems, and should have been better pleas'd with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his shepherds more modest. When I give humility and modesty as the character of Pastoral, it is not, however, but that a shepherd may be allow'd to boast of his pipe, his songs, his flocks, and to shew a contempt of his rival, as we see both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this must be still in such a manner, as if the occasion offer'd it self, and was not sought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the shepherd's passion, than any natural pride and malice in him.

There ought to be the same difference observ'd between Pastorals and Elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the first, love ought to be represented as among shepherds, in the other as among gentlemen. They ought to be smooth, clean, tender and passionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated than

than in Pastoral. The passions they represent, either more gallant or more violent, and less innocent than the others. The subjects of them prayers, praises, expostulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatnings, jealousies, and, in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyricks may be allow'd to handle all the same subjects with elegy; but to do it however in a different manner. An elegy ought to be so entirely one thing, and every verse ought so to depend on the other, that they should not be able to subsist alone: or, to make use of the words of a * great modern critick, there must be

——— a just coherence made

Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that every step may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, 'till they reach the skies.

Lyricks on the other hand, tho' they ought to make one body, as well as the other, yet may consist of parts that are entire of themselves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every stanza ought to make up a compleat sense, without running into the other. Frequent sentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Besides this, Malherb, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the stanzas of six lines, to make a pause at the third; and in those of ten lines, at the third and the seventh. And it must be confest that this exactness renders them much more musical and harmonious; tho' they have not always been so religious in observing the latter rule as the former.

But I am engag'd in a very vain, or a very foolish design: Those who are criticks, it would be a presumption

* My lord Mulgrave.

in me to pretend I can'd instruct; and to instruct those who are not, at the same time I write my self, is, if I may be allow'd to apply another man's simile, like selling arms to an enemy in time of war. Tho' there ought perhaps, to be more indulgence shewn to things of love and gallantry, than any others; because they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not supposed to be very old; and all young people, especially of the fair sex, are more taken with the liveliness of fancy than the correctness of judgment. It may be also observ'd that to write of love well, a man must be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he must be out of love again. I am well enough satisfied, I may be in circumstances of writing of love; but I am almost in despair of ever being in circumstances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reason for the fair and the young, to pass over some of the faults; and as for the grave and wise, all the favour I shall beg of them is, that they wou'd not read 'em. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verses work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himself with what the criticks say of them; and if they do not, all the commendations the criticks can give him, will make but very little amends. All I shall say for these trifles is, That I pretend not to vie with any man whatsoever. I doubt not but there are several now living, who are able to write better upon all subjects, than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldness to say, that there is no one man among them all, who shall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do justice to the merits of other people.

L E T.

LETTERS.

Gallant and Amorous.

LETTER I.

To two masques.

THO' I cannot boast much of particularity to the person I love, yet as to the love itself, I may safely say, it is one of the most particular under the sun. Others think it enough to fall in love with a lady after having seen her; I am in love with two, without having ever seen either: not that I would willingly admit two tyrants into my heart; but though one of you may perhaps be monarch there, yet neither you nor I knowing which it is, the matter must rest in doubt 'till another opportunity; for he who condemned Paris as too bold a man, in daring to judge of the three goddesses beauties, when he saw 'em naked, would have thought me a bold one indeed, if I shou'd pretend to make a judgment between two ladies in masques. Consider a little under what difficulty you make me labour: if I should commend the colour of your hair, and it was all the while deep red; the smoothness and delicacy of your skins, when they

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were

were rough and tawney; the fineness of your shapes, while you were stuck up within iron bodice; the brightness of your eyes, and they should prove blear'd and squinting: do but imagine when I had done this, what sort of an effect it would have upon you. Whatever inconveniencies of this nature happen, it is your own faults; for my part I leave this encountering with helmets over their faces, to Sir Amadis and his knights errant; the way of duelling is alter'd, people do not only encounter barefac'd, but strip when they go to it. As for this way, I can assure you, I find it not in the least fair; and had rather be in love with the most hard-hearted beauty living, than continue in this uncertain state, and neither know what I love, why I love, nor whether I love or no. Take pity, ladies, upon a lover in distress; clear the business to me, and let me know if I am in good earnest, when I profess myself

Your most passionate admirer.

LETTER II.

To one of the former.

IT is by faith alone that I fancy you the most charming, but I find by experience you are one of the most unreasonable ladies under the sun. I conclude I had done the boldest action in the world, to declare a passion to two masques; but you, madam, set up a title of your own, and are not satisfied without particularity, and constancy. Your charms, I confess, madam, as far as I saw of them, are very great: the masque was very good Genoa velvet; the gloves very good

good Blois gloves, and the hackney-coach, for ought I know lin'd with very good green plush. Now, madam, though so far I do stedfastly believe, yet to fall constantly and particularly in love with masques, gloves, or hackney-coaches, is what I do not find a precedent for, in any of the French romances; and being naturally diffident of my self, I shou'd be loth to begin a new sort of gallantry, without knowing how it would take. Consider, madam, a little better upon the reasonableness of your request; for particularity and constancy are very hardly to be answer'd for, at our years. It is, I doubt not, madam, in your power to blow my love up to that height whenever you please; and to confess a truth to you, I have a very great stock of particularity and constancy lying upon my hands at this time, and know not how to apply it. I have all the reason in the world to imagine it is kept for you; but however, madam, it would be necessary to have one view of you, before I can be positive in that point. I am satisfied in my conscience that I have done all my duty in the thing; let it lye at your door if the humour break off; for my part I cannot imagine how you will be able to answer it to all the world, if you shou'd, for want of discovering your self, lose the most constant and most faithful lover under the sun.

LETTER III.

To the same.

Constancy and fidelity are, without doubt, great virtues, tho' not always great charms in a mistress; but as to your invisibility, it is a quality that does not

please me at all, I grant you, madam, it is a pretty æreal fort of beauty, and may do very well for spiritual lovers; but for me, madam, who am a little embarrass'd with matter, and who generally carry a body of six foot long about with me, it wou'd be convenient to have some more corporeal accomplishments. Descend, madam, in this case, to your lover's capacity, and make use of his senses to represent you as charming, as without doubt you are, to his imagination. For though I must confess fancy has been very kind to you in this point, yet it wou'd be convenient to call in the help of the eyes to strengthen the evidence: I expect therefore from your next letter, an appointment where I may meet you in a visible manner. These are the only terms upon which I can treat any further with you; for though you write the most agreeably in the world, yet you must certainly own, that after having been monstrously in love for a whole week together, it is very reasonable a man shou'd know at last with whom it is.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

YES really, madam, I think you are in the right of it; hanging and drowning are such vulgar ways of dying, that for my part I wou'd rather live a thousand years, than make use of either. Then madam, they are the most inconvenient methods in the world; drowning will spoil your cloaths, and hanging your complexion; besides several other things that might be said to dissuade you from it, but that I know a word to the wife is enough. I am of opinion you had better defer all sort
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of dying 'till another opportunity; tho' you are positive in it, I wou'd rather recommend Mr. Boyle's air-pump as a new invention; or being poison'd in perfumes, as somewhat that looks pleasant enough. But to be less serious, madam, make no doubt of your own perfections, and reckon that in having me, you have the most reasonable lover, of an unreasonable lover, in the world. I confess were I to form a beauty to my self, she shou'd be — let me consider a little upon it; she shou'd be — I protest, madam, I know not what she shou'd be: monstrously in love with me, that is certain; for the rest, I shou'd trust the stars. I think I may say, without flattery, I love myself so well, that I can love any body else that does so too; and shou'd prefer that single beauty, of an immoderate passion for me in a mistress, to all the other charms in the world, as Bayes does the single beating of armies in his hero, to all the moral virtues put together. If you can answer for that charm, madam, take no care for any other; he must be unreasonable indeed, who is not satisfied with that, in a lady of sixteen.

LETTER V.

To the fair unbeliever.

ST. Jerome says, (St. Jerome, I must confess, is a very odd beginning of a billet-doux) that a man who can with patience suffer himself to be call'd heretick, ought not to be esteem'd a good christian: and in common account you see, one who is called coward, if he does not resent the affront, shall always be thought such. As my pro-

vocations are much greater than either of these, so if my indignation were answerable to 'em, you could not expect to be forgiven by me, even in the article of death: for after all people can say of hereticks and cowards, they will allow 'em to be men; but by your reflections upon me, you would degrade me from that rank, without allowing me any place among the inferior creatures. Had you call'd me brute, or beast, I had not been so zealous in my own justification: daily experience convinces us, that men who have no more understanding than horses, or mules, provided they have all the other qualifications of those noble animals, may be acceptable enough to some or other of the fair sex; but want of virility is an imputation that will cut a man off from all sort of communication with 'em. Had the husbands or old women had this opinion of me, I shou'd not have been so violent in my own defence. Scandals, as well as oaths, ought to be taken in the sense of those that impose 'em: I shou'd not be angry at a Turk, or a Jew, for thinking me of their religion; because whatever I thought, it was what made them like me the better; but this wou'd be no reason to make me forgive a christian for calling me so. In like manner, madam, though I cou'd have pardon'd the husbands and old women for saying such a thing of me, yet I can very hardly pardon you for it. It were in vain to call witnesses in this case, or turn you over to another hand for satisfaction in that point, which can only properly be resolv'd by my self; and it were as vain to think to clear my self by words from an imputation that ought to be done by actions; I shall therefore only challenge you to meet me at your own place and time; where I doubt not to give you full satisfaction in this point, and convince you that I am not the man, or rather indeed the no man, that you take me to be. In the mean time I shall remain your most humble, a
curse

curse on that humble, but I mean,

Madam,

Your most affectionate and passionate lover
and servant.

LETTER VI.

I Have been waiting these three months to tell you a thing that may be said in three words; it is, I love you. I will grant you, madam, that this is no necessary reason why you shou'd love me again; but you must grant me in recompence, that it is a very sufficient reason why I shou'd tell you of it. I do not expect you shou'd write me a letter in return to this, and therefore venture it without a name: it is from your eyes alone I shall attend my answer. But, madam, that we may not mistake one another in this point, and that I may not take for an encouragement of my passion, what you intend for a discouragement of it; I must tell you, that if you do not look upon me after this, I shall believe you are in love, and that makes you bashful; if you look angrily, I shall think it is to give me occasion to come and justify my self; and if you look negligently, I shall conclude 'tis management to disguise the amour from the world: in fine, madam, I shall take nothing for a refusal of my heart, but looking very kindly upon me. But that you may not be mistaken in the person who sends this, and imagine it to come from some lord with a blue garter, or white staff, that comes from a commoner without either: I will describe my self so, as you may know me well enough to

encourage my passion, if you like it, but not so as to make a trophy of me, if you do not. My stature is somewhat above the ordinary; my body neither very big, nor very small; my hair light; my eyes dark; and love has not as yet made me either very lean, or very pale: my humour is the most commodious for a lover in the world, not so much inclin'd to hanging or drowning perhaps, as some others, but for passion and constancy no man goes beyond me. If you will accept of a heart with all these qualifications, I offer you mine; if not, send it me back by the penny-post, if you know me by any other title than that of

Your most humble servant.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Grant you, madam, there are others who will love you as much as I; but are there any who will love you as little? yes, madam, I understand very well what I say, will they love you as little? for that is the only difficulty you have to apprehend. There is no question but a man who is possess'd of the most charming creature in the universe, will be constant to her as long as she pleases; but it is a great question, if he will part with her as soon as she pleases. This is the rock upon which those ladies split, who will admit of none but constant lovers; not considering that the women are as changeable as the men can be for the lives of them; and consider, pray, into what pretty circumstances a lady brings herself, who is plagu'd with an obstinate old lover, when she is

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passionately in love with a new one. I know not what those crimes are the lady you tell me lays to my charge, but I fancy an importunate perseverance in love of the same woman, is not one of the number: and whenever you please to make the experiment, as the least sign in the world is sufficient after these preliminaries, to make me a most passionate lover; so the least sign you give me afterwards of any new amour, shall make me lay aside that title, for the less ambitious one of

Your most humble servant.

L E T T E R VIII.

To a lady who had spoken against him.

THERE may have been other men, perhaps, besides myself, who have fallen in love with a woman they did not know; but for a man to do it for no other reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe, an honour that has been reserved for your humble servant. They tell me, madam, you are so far from liking me your self, that you will not believe any body else can: that you find nothing agreeable in my person, from the crown of my head, to the sole of my foot: that for my wit, for every body, madam, carries somewhat about them which they call wit, it is all affectation: that I am an abstract of vanity: that I am so much in love with my self, that it is impossible for me to be so with any body else. These things, madam, that might have put some people into anger, have put me into love: for as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at people, let them endeavour never so much to please 'em; so we who are

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naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in love with a lady, let her take never so much pains to anger us. And indeed, madam, did people ground their passions upon reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable causes to love you in the world: for as there is no man of wit but knows himself to be a fool, so he ought to have an opinion of their judgments, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an instance of the bravery of the Amazons, that they wou'd never marry a man, 'till they had fought with him first; and if he beat 'em very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, madam, who profess as great a veneration for wit, as the Amazons had for courage, cannot have so good a reason for love, as your having exercis'd your wit upon me: tho' it is possible you may attribute my passion to another cause, and as you think I love nothing besides my self, may have some kindness for you, because you are never like to be my rival: however, assure your self, madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the worst that you can say of me to be true, and having a natural affection for truth, wit, and women (you will think a man a very general lover that can love truth, wit, and women at the same time) I must needs be infinitely in love with you, in whom I find 'em all together. Be not however deluded into a better opinion of me, by what any body can say; for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my love will do so too. As you therefore value my kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy your self, that as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited fellow, I shall continue to be, with all the passion imaginable;

Madam,

Yours, &c.

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LETTER IX.

To a masqu'd lady.

THOU I doubt not, madam, but you have made the most considerable conquests under the sun, yet give me leave to say, you never made any so extraordinary as this before: you have subdu'd without the conqueror's common vanity, of making your self known, and have gain'd the most absolute victory in the world, without so much as unheathing your face. I, who never knew a woman cou'd overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who; and can both boast of the greatest passion, and greatest faith in nature together: the seeing you, which is the reason of other people's love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine; for I have rais'd idea's of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming creature in the universe, and at the same time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dress'd you up in all the different shapes of nature. In whatever you appear, it has been always the most amiable: and after having supposed you maid, wife, and widow by turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which state you were, I wou'd certainly make love to all of it, till I arriv'd at you; and for want of that, I am forc'd to confine my self to womankind. I leave it to your own conscience, madam, whether you can leave the most constant lover in nature, in this condition; tho' if it feel no remorse for the last disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more: yet however extravagant

gant my passion is, do not apprehend that I shou'd make any malicious reflections on you to the world; let my other virtues be what they will, my fidelity is unquestionable: and assure your self, there is no man breathing less apt to tell a secret than he does not know, than,

M A D A M,

Yours, &c.

LETTER X,

To a friend.

S I R,

FOR friend I can hardly call you, since under that disguise you have done me one of the greatest injuries in the world; and it is vain for me to guard my territories against the malicious designs of enemies and rivals, when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an amour, than they cou'd with all their forces together. But that I may not condemn you without a cause, nor conclude you guilty 'till I hear what you can say in your own justification, I will give you a plain account of the business. Meeting one of the ladies last night, with whom I am in love, she began a discourse of lovers, wherein she shew'd the many inconveniences that attended the having a man of wit in that capacity. I, who do not naturally love to dispute with a fair lady, especially, in a cause where I thought my self no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of Jews or Mahometans, agreed with her in all she said; when she turn'd briskly upon me, and told me,

for

for that reason a woman must have a care of having any thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the manner of some late judges; call a thing treason without law, and then hang a man for it without proof; that I appeal'd to all the world for my innocence in the matter, and defied my greatest enemies to bring any evidence of my guilt. She told me she had it from such a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original author of this calumny was your self. Now tho' I grant you that some people might have said such a thing as this, out of inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a man of your prudence to have done it upon that account. You who very well know, that to commend a man for a wit to the women, is like commending him for a good protestant to the fathers of the inquisition; and he that reported me an eunuch among 'em, cou'd not do it upon a more malicious account. They love a tame, easy, governable fool, and fancy all wits ill-natur'd and proud; have not you often told me so? and after that to put me upon 'em for one! well, sir, I am a gentleman, nor shall I pass by such a thing as this, without satisfaction. I expect therefore you shou'd either give it me under your hand, that you never said any such thing of me; or if you really said it, that you shou'd go immediately to the persons to whom you did it; and assure 'em you were misinform'd in the thing, and that to your knowledge, Ireland itself never bred a more tame, easy fool than I am: for here lyes the greatest danger; I have gotten a rival of that country, and you know how difficult it is to succeed in a contest with one of them, when want of wit is to give the preference. After all, methinks if you wou'd be hearty in the thing, you may bring me out of these difficulties: I know you have wit enough to convince 'em that I have none; and if the worst come to the worst,

worst, it is but carrying you to 'em, to shew the difference. In that hope, I resume the title of

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To a lady in the country who was going to be married.

AFTER having written you a letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I should be mistaken in my address; and for ought I know, to write to you now by the title of Mrs. —, may be as uncivil as to treat the king with the title of prince of Orange. However, madam, blame not me for it, since we are here in perfect ignorance of the matter. We had very positive news one while of your being married; and as positive after, that it was not yet done; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great act of mercy. Half a dozen sparks of your acquaintance have provided themselves either with love-songs, or epithalamiums, to send you, as occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which wou'd be most proper; and here are half a dozen more, who have had halters about their necks, ever since the report of your going to be married; for they are resolved to be ready upon the first notice, that the same post which brings the news of your wedding, may carry back that of their deaths. 'Tis true, madam, I took the boldness to advise 'em not to be over-hasty in the affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own con-

convenience; and experiments of this nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain; they are positive in the matter, and half a dozen of the handsomest trees in the park are mark'd out for the execution. I must confess, I endeavour'd to divert 'em as much as I cou'd from chusing that place, for the benefit of the company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all precedent, to make use of elms, or lime trees, since the willow had time out of mind been reserv'd for that use; and that a lover who did not hang himself according to form had as good never hang himself at all. They answer'd me very surlily, tho' very truly too I must own, that it was not my business: that it was a very hard case people might not hang themselves without asking my leave; and as they wou'd not hinder me whenever I was going about such a thing, so they took it very ill that I shou'd pretend to hinder them. I must confess, madam, I cou'd say very little in the case; and you may believe I had no great mind to enter upon a quarrel with people in their circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a duty that became

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

To a lady that ask'd him for his heart.

THOU' to tell a man that you will dispose of his heart to one who shall use it ill, is but a very small encouragement for him to part with it; yet since
you

you say you have a particular fancy for mine, I cannot refuse you such a trifle as that, upon whatever terms you demand it. I have enclosed it therefore in this letter, and trusted it to the penny-post, lest your generosity shou'd have made you give a messenger more for the bringing it than the thing it self is really worth. I wish, madam, it were better for your sake; and can assure you, that were it the most modish one in the world, it shou'd be at your service. As it is, madam, I am afraid you will think it very old-fashion'd, and too much given to those antiquated qualities, constancy and fidelity. It is probable the lady for whom you intend it, may despise those things, and think a heart of that sort as ridiculous as a lover in a short cloak, slash sleeves, pink'd doublet, and trunk hose. But let her not be prejudic'd against things for their first appearances; I have seen a very aukward beginner, come to dance very well at last; and it is not impossible but by good management the heart may be brought quite off those disagreeable qualities. You may please to tell her, that it having been bred up very tenderly 'till now, it wou'd be convenient to treat it a little kindlier than ordinary at first, lest it shou'd be apt to run away: she should encourage his sighs now and then with a kind of whisper; and when she sees the fire grow a little faint, let her give but one or two kind looks, and it will blaze out afresh. Having been troubled with an extraordinary fever, since it was in the presence of a certain lady, it ought not to be exposed to the open air, for fear of catching cold; she may conveniently enough confine it to her bed-chamber, where it may be of great use rightly manag'd, and wake her in a morning with half a dozen deep fetch'd sighs, better than any larum-clock. You see, madam, what confidence I have in your conduct, since I trust you to dispose of a heart
for

for me, that I have never been able to dispose of my self. You will think, perhaps, it is but making a virtue of necessity, and surrendring up a fort which I am not able to hold out against you. However, madam, the fiercest conquerors are kind to garrisons that yield upon the first summons; and as I know your power to be greater than any of theirs, so I doubt not but your virtues are answerable to 'em. All the favour I shall beg for my heart, is, that it may be treated as a prisoner of war, and that I may have the liberty of keeping a correspondence with it, during its confinement. To shew you I intend nothing but what is fair, I am satisfied you shou'd read all the letters I write; and that none shou'd come to me, but by your approbation. And indeed you need not fear this making any escape; for if I can guess at all at his humour, he will prefer such a captivity to all the liberty in the world, and will not be so proud of the titles of prince, or conqueror, as that of your prisoner and slave.

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,

Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain:

One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,

And in my lap the ready paper lies.

Ovid's *Epist.*

I Have been these six hours in debate, whether I shou'd stab my self, or write to you first: at last, madam, I have determin'd on the latter: for I consider that if I should hear a fellow mounted upon a cricket, singing

some doleful ballad of my death, you wou'd be at a loss to know the cause of so sad an accident; and, in an age so inquisitive as ours, wou'd take it much better to have a relation of the thing from the first hand, than to be put to the trouble of stopping to enquire of it in the street, or trusting it to the fidelity of a grab-street historian. The business then in short, madam, is this: coming home about twelve a clock at night, I found a letter, to tell me, that I shou'd meet you in — at five a clock in the afternoon. Now, madam, I am really so sensible of my guilt of disappointing you in this manner, that after having arraign'd, judg'd, and condemn'd my self for it, I am just now upon the point of execution. I must confess, some people have advis'd me to the contrary, and tell me you cannot take it ill that I did not meet you, when you know how late it was before I receiv'd the letter. But I told them, that after having written to you, I ought never to have stirr'd from home, but staid in expectation of an answer. For tho' it was urg'd in my defence, that I had some great business which call'd me out; and that I had little hopes you shou'd have granted me the honour of meeting you to soon; yet this excuse does not satisfy me in the least: for why the devil shou'd a man pretend to make love, when he has great business, and little hope? This consideration has absolutely determin'd me for a sudden execution; and whatever you may think upon the first sight of this letter, yet before you can have read it out, you may assure yourself I shall be no more

Your, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T

I have a thing just now come into my head, that may possibly make me defer my execution, till I hear

far-

farther from you. Different people having different tastes, and there being as many ways of killing lovers, as there are of dressing eggs, it wou'd anger me very much if I shou'd stab myself for your sake, when you wou'd rather have me hang'd or drown'd.

L E T T E R XIV.

To the same.

IT is well, madam, you prepared me for a disappointment in your letter, otherwise, I confess, I am very impatient under those circumstances. I hope it was not in revenge for my missing the other assignation; if it be, reckon we are upon the square now. You will certainly grant, you have all the reason in the world to make me amends for this; and it is with a great deal of impatience I expect a more favourable opportunity. In recompence, you shall dispose of me, in whatever manner you please; and I am sure you must allow, that if I am not the most passionate lover in the world, I am at least the most convenient: for whenever you have a mind to give Sir ———, or Mr. ——— opportunities of saying soft things, you shall see that I manage the other party to your advantage, as naturally as can be. Then, madam, if after this, you have any occasion to make 'em jealous again, there is no man in the world fitter for such an employment than myself. You may make use of me, madam, in any of these capacities, but still make use of me, and you will not only oblige yourself, but

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

Certainly the lady who accus'd me of indifference last night, has the least reason in the world to do so. Is it indifference to be always following her up and down? is it indifference to shun all company for hers? is it indifference to gaze upon her with all the tenderness in nature? these are but the outward signs; but, oh! could she look within, and accuse of indifference a heart that burns with the most violent passion that ever was? it is true, madam, the rest of the world may, with justice enough, tax me with it; for as there is but one person living, who can make me otherwise; so prudence obliges me to manage things so, as to disguise my passion from all the world beside. And is there no return due to this, but a resolution to deceive me? well, madam; it is some comfort to me however, that if you can but for one half hour delude me into an opinion that I am belov'd by you, that short cheat will be a greater satisfaction, than all woman-kind can grant me beside.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

I See I am destin'd to destruction! why, O heaven! did I ever see her? or since I did, why did any body

body else? had I never, I cou'd never have been happy; and by having seen you, I am the most miserable wretch breathing. These will appear mysteries, perhaps, to you; and if you think me distracted when I writ this, you will think right: love, rage, jealousy, and despair, are tearing my soul in peices. If you have any compassion for a man whom you have rendred the most miserable in the world, give me an opportunity of meeting you to day, though it be but for half an hour. I wou'd not have you come to the walks after this rain, for fear you shou'd catch cold; and a meeting at shops or Indian houses, may make people suspicious; though I die if I see you not, yet I wou'd rather do so, than bring your health or reputation in any danger. Think, oh! think upon some way of satisfying my request; and do not apprehend that this distraction which I show you, shou'd appear to any body else, to your prejudice. I wish every one were as careful of you as I am; yet I lie, I do not wish it; for to be so, they must love you at the same rate; and I had rather allow 'em all the favours you can grant, than that. Adieu — I am — alas I know not what I am, but that I am miserable, and that I am

Yours.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

I Think I have taken all the ways imaginable to convince you that I love you above the world; however, madam, you shall see I will yet do more, which is, never to see you again. It is true, Mrs. ——— told

me, I might come to you to-day; but she told me at the same time, that you thought it improper for me to come so often. Had you any kindness for me, you cou'd not have refus'd my visits upon so cold a reason as their being improper; and if you have not, you cannot be pleas'd that I make 'em at all. You shall see therefore, madam, how much I value your quiet above my own, since I engage my word to you, and I am sure, madam, neither you nor any woman in the world, can say I have ever broken my word with 'em, that I will never make you another visit, or come into any place where you are, except you give me very good assurance that my company will be more acceptable to you, than I have reason to believe it has been of late.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

THAT this parting has not been sought of my side, heav'n can be my witness; and how little satisfaction I take in it, every vein in my heart can testify. No; I tremble, I am all confusion, and I die when I think upon it; and it is only in complaisance to you, that I have resolv'd it. I see you are picking little occasions of quarrelling with me; I see you are uneasy when I am with you, and I see you do not make a return that is suitable to a passion so violent and so sincere as mine is. Heavens! madam, what wou'd you have me do! shou'd I come to put you out of humour? or wou'd you have me appear as a spectacle of your rigour to your more favour'd servants? no, madam, I had too much tenderness for you, to give you any

any disturbance; and give me leave to say, I have not so mean a spirit as to follow any woman, when I have reason to believe she thinks me troublesome, how difficult soever it may be to quit her.

Since you command it, I shall not fail of waiting upon you once more, before we part for ever.

L F T T E R XIX.

To a friend.

Written from the country.

THE dialogues of Plato, with your last letter, have quite turn'd my head. What delicacy of invention! what sublimity of thought; I talk no more of women, of gallantry; I think of nothing but philosophy and seraphick love. Oh vanity of pomp, of glory, of trifles, falsely called pleasures! they appear beautiful to the sight, but once tasted, they leave nothing but shame, sorrow, and repentance. Let us give others leave to play the fool, while we enjoy the sweetness of philosophy. Oh charming quiet! oh dear repose! oh life truly celestial! mounted upon the lofty tops of philosophy, we regard at our ease the vanity, the folly, the madness of the world: the greatest cities appear nothing but great herds of madmen; so many men, so many follies.

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
 E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.
 Sed nil dulcius est bene quam munita tenere
 Editâ doctrinâ sapientum templa serena;
 Despicere, unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque vias palantes quærere vitæ.*

The soul of man, according to Plato, has two wings; the one cœlestial, with which he flies up to the empyreal heav'n; the other terrestrial, which pulls her down to the earth again. It is the first of these that raises you to those lofty divine paths, reach'd by none but the greatest wits, the noblest souls; the other brings men down to the things of this world; to vanity, to sin, to marriage. Poor husbands! you have truly observ'd how soon beauty flies away; but, alas! love flies away much sooner, uncomplaisant companion that he is, who tho' he comes with beauty, will not stay with it. Great politicians without doubt these husbands! who suffer an eternal slavery for a thing of so little duration. But what signifies that to us? let us leave 'em in peace, if there be any such thing as peace in marriage, and love me as I love you.

LETTER XX.

To the same.

From L O N D O N.

IT is so long since I wrote to you, that I am almost ashamed of doing it now: But, to say the truth, I have too just an excuse for my neglect, being relaps'd
 into

into a former malady, and notwithstanding all the assistance of philosophy, fallen in love ten times more than ever. I am ashamed to tell you how long I have been so; but I am ten times more ashamed to tell you, I do not yet find the least decay in my passion, though I have reason enough to believe the lady did not care though she saw me hanging up at her gate. Well; we may put as good a face upon the matter as we will, but first or last I see constancy comes upon us all. In the humour I am at present, I had a good mind to forswear ever being in love again. And yet upon better thoughts, I think I had as good try it once more: for of three amours I have had in my life-time, as for amourettes, those are not worth mentioning, I valu'd the one mistress after I left loving her; I loved another, after I left valuing her; I love and value the third, after having lost all hopes of her: so that methinks, according to the course of my passions, I ought to love and value the next, after having obtain'd her. However, from this time forward, upon what follies soever you fall, be pleas'd for my sake to spare those of love; being very well satisfied, there is not one folly of that kind, except marriage, which I have not already committed. I have been, without raillery, in love with the beauty of a woman whom I have never seen; with the wit of one whom I have never heard speak, nor seen any thing that she has written; and with the heroic virtues of a woman without knowing any one action of her life, that cou'd make me think she had any. Considering how very common these qualities are, I suppose you will not ask me if I have ever been mistaken. I know not what you think in the country; but, for my part, I am of opinion a man must resolve to abandon women or philosophy entirely, for they will never agree well together. After
an

an absence of five or six months in town, I find the ladies still the same; that is to say, still various. Those who were in love when I went from hence, are in love still; but they are in love with other men. They are constant to love, but inconstant to the lovers; and in this point, to speak the truth among friends, I think there is no great difference between the two sexes. The men complain of the women's inconstancy, and the women of the men's; for my part, being unwilling to disoblige either, I am very apt to agree with both. But Cupid will have it so; and what can weak mortals do against so potent a god? adieu, live pleasantly, that is, philosophically: and guard your heart from the pains of love.



POEMS.

P O E M S.

To his book.

GO, little book, and to the world impart,
The faithful image of an am'rous heart;
Those who love's dear, deluding pains have
known,

May in my fatal Rories read their own.

Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,

May find the thing they never felt, by me;

Perhaps advis'd, avoid the guil'd bait,

And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate.

While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,

I view the waves on which I once was tost.

Love is a medley of endearments, jars,

Suspitions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;

Then peace again. Oh! wou'd it not be best,

To chase the fatal poison from our breast?

But since so few can live from passion free,

Happy the man, and only happy he,

Who with such lucky stars begins his love,

That his cool judgment does his choice approve.

Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;

What's built upon esteem, can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

The unrewarded lover.

LET the dull merchant curse his angry fate,
 And from the winds and waves his fortune wait :
 Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
 A slave to wrangling coxcombs for a fee :
 Let the rough soldier fight his prince's foes,
 And for a livelihood his life expose :
 I wage no war, I plead no cause but love's,
 I fear no storms, but what Celinda moves.
 And what grave censor can my choice despise ?
 But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies ;
 The merchant, after all his hazards past,
 Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at last ;
 The soldier high in his king's favour stands,
 And after having long obey'd, commands ;
 The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
 Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar ;
 While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
 And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

E P I G R A M.

Written in a lady's table book.

WITH what strange raptures wou'd my soul be
 Were but her book an emblem of her breast ?

[blest,

As

As I from that all former marks efface,
 And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
 So might I chafe all others from her heart,
 And my own image in the stead impart.
 But, ah! how short the bliss wou'd prove, if he
 Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

E L E G Y.

The power of verse.

To his mistress.

WHile those bright eyes subdue where-e'er you will,
 And, as you please, can either save or kill;
 What youth so bold the conquest to design;
 What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine?
 None but the muse that priviledge can claim,
 And what you give in love, return in fame.
 Riches and titles with your life must end,
 Nay cannot e'en in life your fame defend;
 Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
 And, after death, redeem 'em from the grave;
 Embalm'd in verse, thro' distant times they come,
 Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
 Poets, like monarchs, on an eastern throne,
 Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone,
 Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
 And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
 In vain the * Tyrian queen resigns her life,
 For the bright glory of a spotless wife,

If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
 And blast her name with arbitrary verse.
 While † one who, all the absence of her lord,
 Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd;
 Yet by a poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
 Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
 With pity then the muses friends survey,
 Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
 Wisely like seed, or fruitful soil they're thrown,
 To bring large crops of glory and renown.
 For as the sun that in the marshes breeds
 Nothing but nauseous and unwholsome weeds;
 With the same rays on rich and pregnant earth,
 To pleasant flow'rs, and useful fruits gives birth;
 So favours cast on fools, get only shame;
 On poets shed, produce eternal fame;
 Their gen'rous breasts warm with a genial fire,
 And more than all the muses can inspire.

J E A L O U S Y.

I.

WH© cou'd more happy, who more blest cou'd
 live,
 Than they whom kind, whom am'rous passions move;
 What crowns, what empires greater joys cou'd give,
 Than the soft chains, the slavery of love?
 Were not the bliss too often crost,
 By that unhappy, vile distrust,

That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous
malady,

That terrible tormenting rage, that madness jealousy.

II.

In vain Celinda boasts she has been true ;

In vain she swears she keeps untouch'd her charms ;

Dire jealousy does all my pains renew,

And represents her in my rival's arms.

His sighs I hear, his looks I view,

I see her damn'd advances too ;

I see her smile, I see her kiss ; and, oh ! methinks I see

Her give up all those joys to him, she should reserve for
me.

III.

Ingrateful fair one, canst thou hear my groans ?

Canst thou behold these tears that fill my eyes ?

And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,

Into another's arms resign my prize ?

If merit cou'd not gain your love,

My sufferings might your pity move ;

Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies,
more [much before.

New pangs to one whom hopeless love had plagu'd too

IV.

Think not, false nymph, my fury to out-storm,

I scorn your anger, and despise your frown ;

Dress up your rage in its most hideous form,

It will not move my heart when love is flown ;

No, tho' you from my kindness fly,

My vengeance you shall satisfy ;

The muse that wou'd have sung your praise, shall now
aloud proclaim [thame.

To the malicious, spiteful world, your infamy and

V.

V.

Ye gods! she weeps; behold that falling show'r!
 See how her eyes are quite dissolv'd in tears!
 Can she in vain that precious torrent pour?
 Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears.

'Twas pity sure that made it flow;
 For the same pity stop it now:

For ev'ry charming, heav'nly drop, that from those eyes
 does part, [flowing heart.
 Is paid with streams of blood, that gush from my o'er-

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
 And raise my passion up as high as e'er;
 Nay, I'll believe you false, yet love you too,
 Let the least sign of penitence appear.

I'll frame excuses for your fault,

Think you surpriz'd, or meanly caught;

Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
 [the place.

Believe you thought, believe at least you wish'd me in

VII.

Oh let me lye whole ages in those arms,
 And on that bosom lull asleep my cares:
 Forgive those foolish fears of fancy'd harms,
 That stab my soul, while they but move thy tears:
 And think, unless I lov'd thee still,
 I had not treated thee so ill;

For these rude pangs of jealousy, are much more certain
 signs [coins.

Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more;
 Oh! smile, and grant one reconciling kiss!

Ye gods, she's kind, I'm ecstacy all o'er!
 My soul's too narrow to contain the bliss;
 Thou pleasing torture of my breast,
 Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my rest,
 Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace de-
 stroy;
 That kills me with excess of grief, this with excess of joy.

Cure of jealousy.

WHAT tortures can there be in hell,
 Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
 When doating on some fair one's charms,
 They think she yields 'em to their rivals arms?
 As lions tho' they once were tame,
 Yet if sharp wounds their rage enflame,
 Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
 And tear the keepers they obey'd before:
 So fares the lover, when his breast
 By jealous frenzy is possess'd,
 Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
 Yet frait to her whom he forswears, returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
 The love comes in, the fear goes out;
 The cloud of jealousy's dispell'd,
 And the bright sun of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he blest!
 Raptures too great to be express'd.

Tho' hard the torment's to endure,
Who wou'd not have the sickness, for the cure?

SONNET.

DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear death that's worth our
care?

After a life in pain and sorrow past,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting those tyrant-fins that chain us fast,
And shunning death that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
Why shou'd they fear who keep their souls from stains?
That makes me dread thy terrors, death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
'Tis nothing, Celia, but the losing thee.

ELEGY.

To his mistress.

Celia, your tricks will now no longer pass,
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.

I know my happier rival does obtain
 All the vast bliss for which I sigh in vain.
 Him, him you love; to me you use your art;
 I had your looks, another had your heart.
 To me you're sick, to me of spies afraid;
 He finds your sickness gone, your spies betray'd.
 I sigh beneath your window all the night;
 He in your arms possesses the delight.
 I know you treat me thus, false fair, I do;
 And, oh! what plagues me worse, he knows it too.
 To him my sighs are told, my letters shown;
 And all my pains are his diversion grown.
 Yet since you cou'd such horrid treasons act,
 I'm pleas'd you chose out him to do the fact;
 His vanity does for my wrongs atone;
 And 'tis by that I have your falsehood known.
 What shall I do? for treated at this rate,
 I must not love; and yet I cannot hate.
 I hate the actions, but I love the face;
 Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty less!
 I'm all confusion, and my soul's on fire,
 Torn by contending reason and desire.
 This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er;
 One counsels best, the other pleases more.
 I know I ought to hate you for your fault;
 But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
 Canst thou, mean wretch! canst thou contented prove,
 With the cold reliicks of a rival's love?
 Why did I see that face to charm my breast?
 Or having seen, why did I know the rest?
 Gods! if I have obey'd your just commands,
 If I've deserv'd some favour of your hands,
 Make me that tame, that easy fool again,
 And rid me of my knowledge, and my pain.
 And you, false fair! for whom so oft I've griev'd,
 Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;

Forswear yourself for one who dies for you;
 Vow not a word of the whole charge was true,
 But scandals all, and forgeries, devis'd
 By a vain wretch, neglected and despis'd.
 I too will help to forward the deceit,
 And, to my pow'r, contribute to the cheat,
 And thou, bold man, who think'st to rival me,
 For thy presumption I cou'd pardon thee;
 I cou'd forgive thy lying in her arms,
 I cou'd forgive thy rifling all her charms;
 But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue,
 That boasts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

Upon the same occasion,

WHAT fury does disturb my rest?

What hell is this within my breast?

Now I abhor, and now I love;

And each an equal torment prove.

I see Celinda's cruelty,

I see she loves all men but me;

I see her falshood, see her pride,

I see ten thousand faults beside;

I see she sticks at nought that's ill;

Yet, oh ye powers! I love her still.

Others on precipices run,

Which, blind with love, they cannot shun.

I see my danger, see my ruin,

Yet seek, yet court my own undoing:

And each new reason I explore

To hate her, makes me love her more.

The antidote.

WHEN I see the bright nymph who my heart does
enthral,

When I view her soft eyes, and her languishing air,
Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider that she squanders on fools
All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
My fancy it damps, my passion it cools,
And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise;
I love, and I hate, but I never esteem:
The passion grows up, when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals destroy, when I look upon them.

How wisely does nature things so diff'rent unite!
In such odd compositions our safety is found;
As the blood of the scorpion is a cure for the bite;
So her folly makes whole, whom her beauty does wound.

Upon a favour offer'd.

CÆlia, too late you wou'd repent:

The off'ring all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late;
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent, as fair,
 When first my court I made;
 But when your falshoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown,
 Whose worth you first deface,
 Is melting valu'd medals down,
 And giving us the brass.

Oh, since the thing we beg's a toy,
 That's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before our love is gone?

The reconciliation.

BE gone, ye sighs! be gone, ye tears!
 Be gone, ye jealousies and fears!
 Celinda swears she never lov'd,
 Celinda swears none ever mov'd
 Her heart, but I; if this be true,
 Shall I keep company with you?
 What, tho' a senseless rival swore,
 She said as much to him before;
 What tho' I saw him in her bed?
 I'll trust not what I saw, but what she said.

Curse

Curse on the prudent and the wise,
 Who ne'er believe such pleasing lies:
 I grant she only does deceive;
 I grant 'tis folly to believe;
 But by this folly I vast pleasures gain,
 While you with all your wisdom live in pain.

Dialogue between a lover and his friend.

Irregular verses.

Friend.

Value thyself, fond youth, no more
 On favours Mulus had before;
 He had her first, her virgin flame;
 You like a bold intruder came
 To the cold relicks of a feast,
 When he at first had seiz'd the best.

Lover.

When he, dull sot, had seiz'd the worse
 I came in at the second course;
 'Tis chance that first makes people love,
 Judgment their riper fancies move.
 Mulus, you say, first charm'd her eyes;
 First, she lov'd babies and dirt pies;
 But she grew wiser, and in time
 Found out the folly of those toys, and him.

Friend.

If wisdom change in love begets,
 Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits.
 But wisdom that now makes her change to you,
 In time will make her change to others too.

H 4

Lover.

Lover.

I grant you no man can foresee his doom;
But shall I grieve because an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her change, when she can see
A man deserves her more than me,
As much as I deserve her more than he.

Friend.

Did they with our own eyes see our desert,
No woman e'er cou'd from her lover part.
But oh! they see not with their own,
All things to them are through false opticks shown,
Love at the first does all your charms encrease,
When the tube's turn'd, hate represents 'em less.

Lover.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er cease loving me; or if she do,
'Tis ten to one I cease to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

GO, said old Lyce, senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair, but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more
Than fools without one verse have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
And that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

The

The fair mourner.

IN what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
 Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
 Or wou'd she hearts with soft compassion move,
 To make 'em take the deeper stamp of love?
 What youth so wise, so wary to escape.
 When rigour comes, dress'd up in pity's shape?
 Let not in vain those precious tears be shed;
 Pity the dying fair one, not the dead;
 While you unjustly of the fates complain,
 I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
 Each to relentless judges make their moan,
 Blame not death's cruelty, but cease your own.
 While raging passion both our souls does wound,
 A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
 Wou'd you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
 And with a just compassion mine survey.

EPIGRAM.

To his false mistress.

THOU saidst that I alone thy heart cou'd move,
 And that for me thou wou'dst abandon Jove.
 I lov'd thee then, nor with a love desil'd,
 But as a father loves his only child.
 I know thee now, and tho' I fiercelier burn,
 Thou art become the object of my scorn.
 See what thy falshood gets; I must confess
 I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

Love and jealousy.

HOW much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive?
Love's like a torch, which if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

ELEGY.

The Petition.

In imitation of Catullus.

IS there a pious pleasure, that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean, sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this earth's amour.
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more easily to betray,
Ye powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.

I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
 Or with an equal passion burn at last;
 The one she cannot practise, tho' she wou'd,
 And I condemn the other, tho' she shou'd;
 Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
 'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt;
 I beg but balm for my bleeding breast,
 Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

E L E G Y.

Upon quitting his mistress.

I Know, Celinda, I have born too long,
 And, by forgiving, have increas'd my wrong:
 Yet if there be a pow'r in verse to slack
 Thy course in vice, or bring thy virtue back,
 I'll undertake the task; howe'er so hard,
 A gen'rous action is its own reward.
 Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
 I'd fly from crowns to live within those arms:
 But who, oh who, can e'er believe thee just,
 When such known falsehoods have destroy'd all trust?
 Farewell, false fair! nor shall I longer stay;
 Since we must part, why shou'd we thus delay?
 Your love alone was what my soul cou'd prize,
 And missing that, can all the rest despise.
 Yet should I not repent my follies past,
 Cou'd you take up, and grow reserv'd at last?
 'Twould please me, parted from your fatal charms,
 To see you happy in another's arms.
 Whatever threat'nings fury might extort,
 Oh! fear not I shou'd ever do you hurt:

For

For tho' my former passion is remov'd,
 I wou'd not injure one I once had lov'd.
 Adieu! while thus I waste my time in vain,
 Sure there are maids I might intirely gain:
 I'll search for such, and to the first that's true,
 Reſign the heart ſo hardly freed from you.

To his miſtreſs.

Againſt marriage.

YES, all the world muſt ſure agree,
 He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
 Will be intirely bleſt;
 But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
 To make one who has been ſo long
 My queen, my ſlave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
 That were for publick good deſign'd;
 Cou'd we in fooliſh pride,
 Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
 'Twou'd burn our corn and graſs away,
 To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
 Two ſouls which paſſion does unite;
 For while our love does laſt,
 Neither will ſtrive to go away;
 And why the devil ſhou'd we ſtay,
 When once that love is paſt?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

Chloe new-marry'd looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

Cornus proclaims aloud, his wife's a whore;
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

Thraso picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When sober in the morning, dares not fight.
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPI

EPIGRAM.

GRIBE and SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
 To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend.
 Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
 To spend that wealth, he wants the sense to get.
 How happy wou'd appear to each his fate,
 Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
 Kind fate and fortune, blend 'em if you can,
 And of two wretches, make one happy man.

To Cælia, upon some alterations
 in her face.

AH, Cælia! where are now the charms,
 That did such wondrous passions move?
 Time, cruel time, those eyes difarms,
 And blunts the feeble darts of love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
 To womens int'rest, and to ours?
 Beauties to which the publick share,
 The greedy villain first devours.

Who, without tears, can see a prince,
 That trains of fawning courtiers had,
 Abandon'd, left without defence?
 Nor is thy helpless fate less sad.

Thou

Thou who so many fools hast known,
And all the fools wou'd hardly do,
Shou'dst now confine thy self to one!
And he, alas! a husband too.

See the ungrateful slaves, how fast
They from thy setting glories run!
And in what mighty crowds they haste,
To worship Flavia's rising sun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain those eyes wou'd love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the smiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia still,
By cruelty, her cause maintains:
And scarce vouchsafes a careless smile
To the poor slaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waste their tears
But sure they will in time repine,
That thou hast not a face like hers,
Or she has not a heart like thine.

The retirement.

ALL hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
All hail, ye sacred, solitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could

Con'd one who study'd your sublimer rules,
 Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
 To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
 And undistinguish'd pass'd among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
 Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
 Nor fears for that his country to betray,
 Curs'd by the fools and laugh'd at by the wise,

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
 Consume their time, to multiply their gains;
 And fancying wretched all that are not rich,
 Neglect the end of life, to get the means.

Others the name of pleasure does invite,
 All their dull time in sensual joys they live;
 And hope to gain that solid firm delight
 By vice, which innocence alone can give,

But how perplex'd, alas! is human fate!
 I whom nor avarice, nor pleasures move;
 Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
 Yet must my self be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
 If beauty always must my heart enthrall;
 Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
 Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state,
 For things unknown 'tis ign'rance to condemn,
 And after having view'd the gawdy bait,
 Can boldly say, the trifle I condemn.

In her blest arms contented cou'd I live,
 Contented cou'd I die: but, oh! my mind
 I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
 With hope of things impossible to find.
 In women how shou'd sense and beauty meet
 The wisest men their youth in follies spend;
 The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
 And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

Sicilian muse my humble voice inspire
 To sing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
 Long had the faithful swain suppress'd his grief
 And since he durst not hope, ne'er ask'd relief.
 But at th' arrival of the fatal day,
 That took the nymph and all his joys away,
 With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
 And what his tongue cou'd not, his eyes declare:
 'Till with deep sighs, as if his heart-strings broke,
 Pressing her hand, these tender things he spoke:

Damon.

Ah lovely nymph, behold your lover burn,
 And view the passion which you'll not return.
 As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine;
 So no swain's love did ever equal mine.
 How happy, fair, how happy should I be,
 Might I but sacrifice my self for thee?

I

Cou'd

Could I but please thee with my dying verse,
And make thee shed one tear upon my herse?

Daphne.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas, I have not pow'r to take:
Your wounds I cannot, tho' I wou'd, relieve:
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the rest at first assail'd
My heart, when free, you had perhaps prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh blame not me, but fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

Damon.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I cou'd not hope, and now I must despair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for pastures, for an empty name.
Yet tho' the blest possession fate denies;
Oh let me gaze for ever on those eyes.
So just, so true, so innocent's my flame,
That Phaon, did he see it, cou'd not blame.

Daphne.

Such gen'rous ends I know you still pursue,
What I can do, besure I will for you.
If on esteem, or pity, you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give;
Those you may have, but cannot have my heart:
And since we now perhaps for ever part;
Such noble thoughts through all your life express,
May make the value more, the pity less.

Damon.

Can you then go? can you for ever part?
Ye gods! what shivering pains surround my heart!
And have one thought to make your pity less;
Ah Daphne, cou'd I half my pangs express,
You cou'd not think, tho' hard as rocks you were,
Your pity ever cou'd too great appear.

I ne'er shall be one moment free from pain,
 'Till I behold those charming eyes again.
 When gay diversions do your thoughts employ,
 I wou'd not come to interrupt the joy:
 But when from them you some spare moment find,
 Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
 Think with what heart I shall behold the green,
 Where I so oft those charming eyes have seen!
 Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
 When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
 Yet, oh! that little time you have to stay,
 Let me still speak, and gaze my soul away!
 But see, my passion that small aid denies;
 Grief stops my tongue, and tears o'er-flow my eyes.

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THyris, the gayest one of all the swains,
 Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains,
 While love's mad passion quite devour'd his heart,
 And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his smart,
 Strives in low numbers, such as shepherds use,
 If not to move her breast, his own t' amuse.
 You, Chloris, who with scorn refuse to see
 The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
 Yet cannot sure with equal pride disdain,
 To hear an humble hind of his complain.

Now while the flocks and herds to shades retire,
 While the fierce sun sets all the world on fire,
 Thro' burning fields, thro' rugged brakes I rove,
 And to the hills and woods declare my love,

How small's the heat? how easy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within?

Yet scornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my songs and pipe still turns her ear.
Not so the sage Corisca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Egon's only care:
From them my songs a just compassion drew,
And they shall have them, since contemn'd by you.

Why name I them, when ev'n chaste Cynthia stays,
And Pan himself, to listen to my lays?
Pan, whose sweet pipe has been admir'd so long,
Has not disdain'd sometimes to hear my song.
Yet Galatea scorns whate'er I say;
And Galatea's wiser sure than they.

Relentless nymph! can nothing move your mind
Must you be deaf, because you are unkind?

Tho' you dislike the subject of my lays,
Yet sure the sweetness of my voice might please.
It is not thus that you call Mopsus wise,
His songs divert you, tho' you mine refuse.
Yet I can't tell you, fair one, if I wou'd,
And since you treat me thus, methinks I shou'd,
What the wise Lycon did, when in you plain
He saw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chase a heedless fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verse to please her ear;
Seek out some other nymph, nor e'er repine,
That one who likes his songs, should fly from thine.

Ah, Lycon! ah! your sage false dangers forms;
'Tis not his songs, but 'tis his fortune charms:
Yet, scornful maid, in time you'll find those toys
Can yield no real, no substantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain esteem,
If for all that you are ashamed of him.

Ah, Galate, wou'dst thou turn those eyes,
Wou'dst thou but once vouchsafe to hear my cries:

In such soft notes I wou'd my pains impart,
As cou'd not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With such sweet songs I wou'd thy fame make known,
As Pan himself might not disdain to own.
Oh cou'dst thou, fair one, but contented be
To tend the sheep, and chase the hares with me;
To have thy praises eccho'd thro' the groves,
And pass thy days with one who truly loves;
Nor let those gaudy toys thy heart surprize,
Which the fools envy, and the sage despise.

But Galatea scorns my humble flame,
And neither ask my fortune, nor my name.
Of the best cheese my well-stor'd dairy's full,
And my soft sheep produce the finest wool;
The richest wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And smiling crops of grain adorn my field.

Ah, foolish youth! in vain thou boast'st thy store,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopsus still has more.
See whil'st thou sing'st, behold her haughty pride,
With what disdain she turns her head aside!
Oh, why wou'd nature, to our ruin, place
A tyger's heart, with such an angel's face?

Cease, shepherd, cease at last thy fruitless moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes resound,
See how thy corn lyes wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young, makes lean the dams.
Take, shepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks pursue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

E C L O G U E III.

D A M O N.

(Taken from the eighth Eclogue of Virgil.)

A Rise, O Phosphorus! and bring the day,
While I in sighs and tears consume away
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Nisa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Tho' they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Arcadia's famous for its spacious plains,
Its whistling pine-trees, and its shady groves,
And often hears the swains lament their loves,
Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who first taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Mopsus weds Nisa! Oh, well-suited pair!
When he succeeds, what lover can despair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly consort feed.
Go, Mopsus, go; provide the bridal cake;
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her soft arms thou shalt securely rest;
Behold, the evening comes to make thee blest!
Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh! Nisa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with scorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you despise my humble songs, my herd,
My shaggy eye-brows and my rugged beard;

While

While through the plains disdainfully you move;
 And think no shepherd can deserve your love;
 Mopsus alone can the nice virgin win,
 With charming person, and with graceful mien.
 Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

When first I saw you on those fatal plains,
 I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
 Scarce had you seen the thirteenth spring appear:
 Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
 I gaz'd, and blushes did your charms encrease.
 'Tis love, thought I, that's rising in her breast;

Alas, your passion, by my own, I grieve;

Then upon trust, I fed the raging pains.

Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Oh love! I know thee now; thou ow'st thy birth
 To rocks; some craggy mountains brought thee forth:
 Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins.

Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Relentless love the bold Medea show'd
 To stain her hands in her own childrens blood.

Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?

He was a wicked counsellor, a cruel mother she.

Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Now let the screech-owls vie with warbling swans;

Upon hard oaks let blushing peaches grow,

And from the brambles, liquid amber flow.

The harmless wolves, the rav'nous sheep shall shun;

And valiant deer, at fearful grey-hounds run;

Let the sea rise, and overflow the plains.

Begin, my muse, begin th' Arcadian strains.

Adieu, ye flocks, no more shall I pursue!

Adieu, ye groves, a long, a long adieu!

And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,

Take this last present from a dying swain.

Since you dislike whate'er in life I said,

You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:

This leap shall put an end to all my pains.
Now cease, my muse, now cease th' Arcadian strains.

Thus Damon sung while on the cliff he stood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood,
All with united grief the loss bemoan,
Except the authress of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breast.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your scorns at least.
How much s^oer'er you may the love despise,
'Tis barb'rous to insult on one that dies.

DELIA. A pastoral Eclogue; lamenting the death of Mrs. TEMPEST, who died upon the day of the late storm,

YE gentle swains! who pass your days and nights

In love's sincere and innocent delights!
Ye, tender virgins, who with pride display
Your beauty's splendor, and extend your sway!
Lament with me! with me your sorrows join,
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the queen of love, let all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty's now no more!

Begin, my muse! begin your mournful strains!
Tell the sad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through ev'ry lawn, and ev'ry grove,
Where flocks can wander, or where shepherds rove!
Bid neighb'ring rivers tell the distant sea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the queen of love, let all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty's now no more!

'Tis

'Tis done, and all obey the mournful muse!
See hills, and plains, and winds have heard the news!
The foaming sea o'erwhelms the frighten'd shoar,
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See lofty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And stately towr's in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely passion knows,
Swells with this sorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What shrieks are heard? what groans? what dying cries?
Ev'n nature's self in dire convulsion lyes!
Delia, the queen of love, they all deplore!
Delia, the queen of beauty's now no more!

Oh! why did I survive the fatal day,
That snatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath some ruin lost?
Sunk in the seas, or shipwreck'd on the coast?
Why did the fates spare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleasure, but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where shall I wander now, distress'd, alone?
What use have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no use, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more.

What living nymph is blest with equal grace?
All may dispute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his mistress hopes to find
A form so lovely, with so bright a mind?
Doris may boast a face divinely fair,
But wants thy shape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy shape, but not those eyes,
That while they did th' admiring world surprize,
Disclos'd the secret lustre of thy mind,
And seem'd each lover's inmost thoughts to find,
Others, whose beauty yielding swains confess,
By indiscretion make their conquest less,

And

And want thy conduct and obliging wit,
 To fix those slaves who to their charms submit.
 As some rich tyrant hoards an useless store,
 That wou'd, well plac'd, enrich a thousand more;
 So didst thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd,
 Wou'd make a thousand other nymphs admir'd.
 Gay, modest, artless, beautiful, and young;
 Slow to resolve, in resolution strong;
 To all obliging, yet reserv'd to all;
 None cou'd himself the favour'd lover call;
 That which alone cou'd make his hopes endure,
 Was, that he saw no other swain secure.
 Whither, ah! whither are those graces fled?
 Down to the dark, the melancholy shade?
 Now, shepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
 Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!

For thee each tuneful swain prepar'd his lays,
 His fame exalting, while he sung thy praise.
 Thyrsis, in gay and easy measures, strove
 To charm thy ears, and tune thy soul to love.
 Menalcus, in his numbers more sublime,
 Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme.
 Glycon, whose satyr kept the world in awe,
 Softning his strain, when first thy charms he saw,
 Confess'd the goddess that new-form'd his mind,
 Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
 Cease, shepherds, cease; the charms you sung are fled!
 The glory of our blasted isle is dead!
 Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
 Delia, the pride of beauty, now no more!

Behold where now she lies, depriv'd of breath!
 Charming tho' pale, and beautiful in death!
 A troop of weeping virgins by her side;
 With all the pomp of woe, and sorrow's pride!
 Oh, early lost! oh, fitter to be led
 In chearful splendor to the bridal bed!

Than

Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
 A spotless virgin, in her beauty's bloom!
 Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
 Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave:
 On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
 Oh! that thy coyness cou'd refuse me this!
 Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
 Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore;
 Clasp'd to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
 I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live.
 Or if severer fates that aid deny,
 If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
 In one cold grave together may be laid
 The truest lover, and the loveliest maid.
 Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
 Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.

But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
 The sun shines out, and all the heav'ns are clear:
 The warring winds are hush'd, the sea's serene,
 And nature soften'd shifts her angry scene.
 What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
 Melodious music from the heav'nly sphere!
 Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound
 Listen! the faint, the lovely faint is crown'd!
 While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
 Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
 From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
 And with kind pity wonders at our woe.

Ah, charming faint! since thou art blest above,
 Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love.
 Forgive their tears; who, press'd with grief and care,
 Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair!

HORACE. BOOK III.

ODE III.

IMITATED.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.

I.

THE man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind;
No passions his designs controul.
Not love, that tyrant of the soul,
Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Nor parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threat'nings of a court engag'd,
Nor storms where fleets despair:
Nor thunder pointed at his head;
The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose,
By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
Of this their poets sing:
These were the paths their heroes trod,
These acts made Hercules a god;
And great Nassau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rowling deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With black'ning storms combin'd:
Virtue, he cry'd, will force his way;

The wind may for a while delay,
Not alter our design.

V.

The men whom selfish hopes enflame,
Or vanity allures to fame,
May be to fears betray'd:
But here a church for succour flies,
Insulted law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
I come, the wounded heart to heal,
The wounded hand to bind:
See tools of arbitrary sway,
And priests, like locusts, scout away
Before the western wind.

VII.

Law shall again her force resume;
Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
With brighter rays advance.
The British fleet shall rule the deep,
The British youth as rous'd from sleep,
Strike terror into France.

VIII.

Nor shall these promises of fate
Be limited to my short date:
When I from cares withdraw
Still shall the British scepter stand,
Still flourish in a female hand,
And to mankind give law.

IX.

She shall domestic foes unite;
Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
Whole armies drag her chain:
She shall lost Italy restore,

Shall

Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
And give a king to Spain.

X.

But know, these promises are giv'n,
These great rewards imperial heav'n
Does on these terms decree;
That strictly punishing mens faults,
You let their consciences and thoughts
Rest absolutely free.

XI.

Let no false politicks confine,
In narrow bounds, your vast design
To make mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient cause
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

XII.

Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;
Rome's sons shall your compassion find,
Who ne'er compassion knew.
By nobler actions theirs condemn:
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

XIII.

These subjects suit not with the lyre;
Muse! to what height dost thou aspire;
Pretending to rehearse
The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings.
Cease, cease to lessen lofty things
By mean ignoble verse.

The golden age restor'd. A poem
in imitation of the fourth pastoral
of Virgil; suppos'd to have been
taken from a Sybilline prophecy.

—— Paulo majora canamus.

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:
Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
Make your shades fit for able statesmens view.

The time is come, by ancient bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian age of gold:
The vile, degenerate, whiggish off-spring ends,
A high-church progeny from heav'n descends.

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own B—ley reigns.

And thou great S—I, darling of this land,
Do'st foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
Whose deep remarks the list'ning world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ra——gh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like holy synods be,
And holy synods senate-like agree,
M——th and M——n here instruct the youth,
There B—ks and Kim—ly maintain the sacred truth.
P—s and H—lin here with equal claim,
Thro' wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There B—ch and H—per right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.

Now

Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
 And tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
 Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
 H——y shall cease to trick, and S——ur cease to rail:
 The lambs shall with the lyons walk unhurt,
 And H——x with H—— meet civilly at court.
 Viceroy's, like providence, with distant care,
 Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear.
 Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
 Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
 Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
 And honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
 Br——ton and Bur——by the court shall grace,
 And H—— shall not disdain to share a place.
 Forgotten Molineux and Mason now
 Revive and shine again in F—— and H——.

But as they stronger grow and mend their strain,
 By choice examples of king Charles's reign;
 Bold Bel——is and patriot Da——nant then,
 One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
 Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
 The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
 And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some whigs, among the peers are found,
 Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
 Som——rs maliciously employs his care
 To make the lords the legislature share.
 Bu——t declares how French dragooning rose,
 And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
 'Till Ro——r's cool temper shall be fir'd,
 And N——th's and Not——m's strong reasonings be admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
 And fresh removes have made the game secure;
 When Som——et and Dev——ire give place
 To Windham's B——d, and to R——d's grace,

Both

Both converts great; when justice is refin'd,
 And corporations garbled to their mind,
 Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise;
 Before them hated moderation flies,
 And antichristian toleration dies.

G——ile shall seize the long-expected chair,
 Go——in to some country-seat repair;
 P——ke from all employments be debar'd,
 And Mar——gh for ancient crimes receive his just reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
 Come on, young J——'s friends, this is the time, come
 on;

Receive just honours, and surround the throne;
 Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
 H——s now rules the state, and R—— the main.
 Gr——es is at hand the members to reward,

And troops are trusted to your own Gr——rd.
 The faithful clubs assemble at the vine,
 And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine,

Freely the S——te the designs proclaims,
 Affronting W——m, and applauding J——es.
 Good antient members with a solemn face,
 Purpose that safety give to order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by expedients ineffectual made.

E'en F——ch and Mu——ve, whom the court cares,
 Exalt its praises, but its power depress;
 And that impartial justice may be seen,
 Confirm to friends what they refus'd the queen.

Bishops who most advanc'd good J——'s cause
 In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
 While those who rather made the tow'r their choice,
 Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's cause thy own,
 And J——es's votes for simony atone.

Archbishop K—n shall from Longleat be drawn,
While firm nonjurers from behind stand crowding for the
lawn:

And thou, great W—th, to reward thy charge,
Shalt sail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.

See by base rebels Ja—es the just betray'd,
See his three realms by vile U—rs sway'd;
Then see with joy his lawful h— restor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd l—:

O would kind heaven so long my life maintain,
Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
Nor Thracian St. J—ns should with me contend,
Nor my sweet lays harmonious Ha—nd mend:
Not tho' young Dav'hant St. J—ns should protect,
Or the shrewd doctor Ha—nd's lines correct.

Nay should Tr—am in St. Maws compare his songs to
mine; [reign.

Tr—am, tho' St. Maws were judge, his laurel should

Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;

Sir G— already has prepar'd the fleet.

Should rival Neptune, who with envious mind

In times of danger still this chief confin'd,

Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,

Honest G— Ch— may supply his place.

An Essay on Pastoral Poetry.

WITH A

Short DEFENCE of VIRGIL,

Against some of the Reflections of
Monsieur Fontanelle.

AS the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being form'd upon the model of the first innocence, and simplicity, which the moderns, better to dispense themselves from imitating, have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous and impracticable; and yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoy'd the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity, and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was not then look'd upon as a very old man, who reach'd to a greater number of years, than in these times an ancient family can reasonably pretend to; and we know the names of several, who saw, and practis'd the world for a longer space of time, than we can read the account of in any one entire body of history. In short, they invented the most useful arts, pasturage, tillage, geometry, writing, music, astronomy, &c. whilst the moderns, like extra-

gant heirs, made rich by their industry, ingratelously deride the good old gentlemen, who left them the estate. It is not therefore to be wonder'd at, that pastorals are fallen into disesteem, together with that fashion of life, upon which they were grounded. And, methinks, I see the reader already uneasy at this part of Virgil, counting the pages, and posting to the *Æneis*; so delightful an entertainment is the very relation of publick mischief and slaughter now become to mankind: And yet Virgil pass'd a much different judgment on his own works: he valu'd most this part, and his *Georgics*, and depended upon them for his reputation with posterity; but censures himself in one of his letters to Augustus, for meddling with Heroics, the invention of a degenerate age. This is the reason that the rules of pastoral are so little known, or studied. Aristotle, Horace, and the Essay of poetry, take no notice of it. And Mr. Boileau, one of the most accurate of the moderns, because he never loses the ancients out of his sight, bestows scarce half a page on it.

It is the design therefore of the few following pages, to clear this sort of writing from vulgar prejudices; to vindicate our author from some unjust imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and enquire what sort of versification is most proper for it, in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd consider'd under that character: it is requisite therefore to be a little inform'd of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observ'd truly, but satyrically enough, that, mankind is the measure of every thing: and thus by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come

come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and our selves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient country-men like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education; but men had quite different notions of these things, for the first four thousand years of the world; health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness, and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality join'd to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman; anciently it was quite otherways. Mr. Fleury has severely remark'd, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of our Gothic extraction, and shews an affinity of humour with the savage Americans. The barbarous Franks and other Germans, having neither corn, nor wine of their own growth, when they pass'd the Rhine, and possess'd themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old Proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion, and from hence it is that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasion'd by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the * best, and greatest peers which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues, and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

* The duke of Shrewsbury.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our fir-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings; the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of deposing of Mahomet the 4th, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet, and ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surpriz'd to find that Charlemaign, eight hundred years ago, order'd his children to be instructed in some profession, and eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no cloaths but such as were made by the hands of the empress and her daughters; and Olympias did the same for Alexander the great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard, or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renown'd monarchies in the world, were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorn'd by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not therefore to be matter of surprize to a modern writer, that kings, the shepherds of the people in Homer, laid their first rudiments, in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds, the intendants over which, were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is call'd *Διὸς ὑποφύλας* in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates, which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it

it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth *Æneid*, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be suppos'd so very ignorant and unpolish'd; the learning and good breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen by the consent of all parties to arbitrate so delicate an affair, as which was the fairest of the three celebrated beauties of heaven; he who had the address to debauch away Helen from her husband, her native country, and from a crown, understood what the French call by the too soft name of *Galanterie*; he had accomplishments enough, how ill use soever he made of them. It seems therefore that Mr. F. had not duly consider'd the matter, when he reflected so severely upon Virgil, as if he had not observed the laws of decency in his pastorals, in making shepherds speak to things beside their character, and above their capacity. He stands amaz'd that shepherds should thunder out, as he expresses himself, the formation of the world, and that too according to the system of Epicurus. "In truth, says he, page 176, I cannot tell what to make of this whole piece: the sixth Past. I can neither comprehend the design of the author, nor the connection of the parts; first come the ideas of philosophy, and presently after those incoherent fables, &c. To expose him yet more, he subjoins, it is Silenus himself who makes all this absurd discourse. Virgil says indeed that he had drank too much the day before; perhaps the debauch hung in his head when he compos'd this poem, &c." Thus far Mr. F. who, to the disgrace of reason, as himself ingenuously owns, first built his house, and then studied architecture; I mean, first compos'd his Eclogues, and then studied the rules. In answer to this,

we may observe, first, that this very pastoral which he singles out to triumph over, was recited by a famous player on the Roman theatre, with marvellous applause; insomuch that Cicero who had heard part of it only, order'd the whole to be rehears'd, and struck with admiration of it, confer'd then upon Virgil the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

Nor is it old Donatus only who relates this, we have the same account from another very credible and ancient author; so that here we have the judgment of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to confront the single opinion of this adventrous critic. A man ought to be well assur'd of his own abilities, before he attacks an author of establish'd reputation. If Mr. F. had perus'd the fragments of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the progress of learning thro' the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted his learned country-man Huetius, he would have found, which falls out unluckily for him, that a Chaldæan shepherd discover'd to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation of the world. And what subject more fit for such a pastoral, than that great affair which was first notified to the world by one of that profession? Nor does it appear, what he takes for granted, that Virgil describes the original of the world according to the hypothesis of Epicurus; he was too well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross mistake; there is not the least mention of chance in that whole passage, nor of the *Clinamen Principiorum*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Virgil had not only more piety, but was of too nice a judgment to introduce a God denying the power and providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn to the Atoms, and blind chance. On the contrary, his description agrees very well with that of Moses; and the eloquent commentator D'Acier, who is so confident that Horæe had

had perus'd the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirm'd the same thing of Virgil. For, besides the famous passage in the sixth *Æneid*, by which this may be illustrated, where the word *Principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mention'd, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as Mr. d'Acier would suggest, allude to the spirit moving upon the face of the waters; but omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently describ'd in these words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas;

And 'tis hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses,

"Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear," than in this of Virgil,

Jam durare solum, & discludere Nerea Ponto.

After this the formation of the sun is describ'd, exactly in the Mosaical order, and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, still in the same method.

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who will by no means allow mountains to be coeval with the world. Thus much will make it probable at least, that Virgil had Moses in his thoughts rather than Epicurus, when he compos'd this poem. But it is further remarkable, that this passage was taken from a song attributed to Apollo, who himself too unluckily had been a shepherd, and he took it from another yet more ancient, compos'd by the first
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inventor of musick, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity; and because I cannot suppose the ingenious Mr. F. one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, tho' none of the commentators have observed it.

ἱερὴ δ' οἱ ἱερίῳ φώνῃ,
 Κραίων ἀθανάτους τε θεούς, καὶ γαῖαν ἱρίμην,
 ὧς τὰ πρῶτα γένοιτο, καὶ ὡς λῶχε μαῖραν ἱνάσθῃ, &c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserv'd by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanc'd in Musæus himself.

So that our poet here with great judgment, as always, follows the antient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation, and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd; and thus the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral, than the Saturnia Regna, the age and scene of this kind of poetry? what theme more fit for the song of a God, or to imprint religious awe, than the omnipotent power of transforming the species of creatures at their pleasure: their families liv'd in groves, near the clear springs; and what better warning could be given to the hopeful young shepherds, than that they should not gaze too much into the liquid dangerous looking-glass, for fear of being stol'n by the water-nymphs, that is, falling and being drown'd, as Hylas was? Pasiphae's monstrous

pas-

passions for a bull, is certainly a subject enough fitted for Bucolics. Can Mr. F. tax Silenus for fetching too far the transformation of the sisters of Phaeton into trees, when perhaps they sat at that very time under the hospitable shade of those alders and poplars? or the metamorphosis of Philomela into that ravishing bird, which makes the sweetest music of the groves? if he had look'd into the ancient Greek writers, or so much as consulted honest Servius, he would have discover'd that under the allegory of this drunkenness of Silenus, the refinement and exaltation of mens minds by philosophy was intended. But if the author of these reflections can take such flights in his wine, it is almost pity that drunkenness shou'd be a sin, or that he shou'd ever want good store of burgundy and champaign. But indeed he seems not to have ever drank out of Silenus's tankard, when he compos'd either his Critique or Pastorals.

His censure on the fourth seems worse grounded than the other; it is entitled in some antient manuscripts, the history of the Renovation of the world; he complains that he cannot understand what is meant by those many figurative expressions: but if he had consulted the younger Vossius's dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the excellent oration of the emperor Constantine, made French by a good pen of their own, he would have found there the plain interpretation of all those figurative expressions; and withal, very strong proofs of the truths of the christian religion; such as converted heathens, as Valerianus, and others: and upon account of this piece, the most learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a christian, even before christianity. Cicero takes notice of it in his books of divination, and Virgil probably had put it in verse a considerable time before the edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he appropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but complementally dates it from his consulship.

And

And therefore some one who had not so kind thoughts of Mr. F. as I, would be inclin'd to think him as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books, he has wrote since, I pass by a great part of this, and shall only touch briefly some of the rules of this sort of poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occasions should be maintain'd in the whole poem: this appears in all the antient Greek writers; as Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so exact in the observation of it, not only in this work, but in his *Æneis* too, that a celebrated French writer taxes him for permitting *Æneis* to do nothing without the assistance of some God. But by this it appears, at least, that Mr. St. Eur. is no Jansenist.

Mr. F. seems a little defective in this point: he brings in a pair of shepherdesses disputing very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a goddess, or a woman. Her great condescension and compassion, her affability and goodness, none of the meanest attributes of the divinity, pass for convincing arguments that she could not possibly be a goddess.

*Les Déeses toujours fieres & méprisantes
Ne rassureroient point les Bergeres tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux;
Mais tu l'as veu; cette Auguste Personne
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle etonne,
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu'à nous.*

In short, she has too many divine perfections to be a Deity, and therefore she is a mortal, which was the thing to be prov'd. It is directly contrary to the practice of all antient poets, as well as to the rules of decency and
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religion, to make such odious preferences. I am much surpriz'd therefore that he should use such an argument as this.

Cloris, as-tu ven des Déeses

Avoir un air si facile & si doux?

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen Deities, too easy of access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endimion? is there any thing more sparkish and better-humour'd than Venus's accosting her son in the deserts of Libya? or than the behavior of Pallas to Diomedes, one of the most perfect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where she condescends to raillé him so agreeably; and notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty, with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot? but the Odyssseys are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once,

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

Which Bræbeuf has render'd so flatly, and which may be thus paraphras'd;

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply,
But Cato rather than submit would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expence of their Deities.

But letting that pass, this whole Eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer.

Nec

Nec vox Hominem sonat; O Dea certe.

So true is that remark of the admirable earl of Roscommon, if apply'd to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death.

————— one sterling line,

Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should represent that ancient innocence, and unpractis'd plainness, which was then in the world. P. Rapin has gather'd many instances of this out of Theocritus, and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But Mr. F. transgress'd this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill breeding at Versailles; the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some ordonnance, some design, or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observ'd by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue; the standard of all Pastorals; a beautiful landscape presents it self to your view, a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnish'd the first food to our ancestors. Another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances, the sun setting, the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here Mr. F. seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing, is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the Eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point,

point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Coridon for Alexis, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half prun'd, which according to the Roman Rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it, whilst he pursu'd an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd comforting himself in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more antient than any of the Pastorals now extant; his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Caesar.

The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first compos'd at Mantua.

The eighth is a description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm:

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevail'd upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But Mr. F. is a great deal too uniform; begin where you please the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toùjours, toujours de l'Amour.

He seems to take Pastorals and love-verses for the same thing:

thing. Has human nature no other passion? does not fear, ambition, avarice, pride, a capricio of honour, and laziness itself often triumph over love? but this passion does all, not only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too. A hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, than he can be born, without a woman. But Dramatics have been compos'd in compliance to the humour of the age, and the prevailing inclination of the great, whose example has a more powerful influence, not only in the little court behind the scenes, but on the great theatre of the world. However, this inundation of love-verses is not so much an effect of their amorousness, as of immoderate self love. This being the only sort of poetry, in which the writer can, not only without censure, but even with commendation, talk of himself. There is generally more of the passion of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and Corinna, in this whole affair. Be pleas'd to look into almost any of those writers, and you shall meet every where that eternal Moy, which the admirable Paschal so judiciously condemns. Homer can never be enough admired for this one so particular quality, that he never speaks of himself, either in the Iliad, or the Odyssey; and if Horace had never told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer of his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. This consideration might induce those great critics, Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first verses of the *Æneis*, in great measure, for the sake of that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary genius's have a sort of prerogative, which may dispense them from laws, binding to subject wits. However, the ladies have the less reason to be pleas'd with those addresses, of which the poet takes the greatest share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room, but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own Steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule, which one may hope will not be contested, is, that the writer should shew in his compositions, some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduc'd. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and oeconomy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is better skill'd in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet; the lodging and pastimes of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by Mr. F. are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly, as they do their oaten reed. They santer about with their chers Moutons, but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship, does to the history design'd. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mont-Brison, and Marcelli, to the flowry banks of Lignon, or the Charante; that they are driving directly à la Boucherie, to make money of them. I hope hereafter Mr. F. will choose his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the antient fashion of writing. Parables in those times were frequently us'd, as they are still by the eastern nations, philosophical questions, Enigma's, &c. and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians; this piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion: he has propos'd one riddle, which has never yet been solv'd by any of his commentators. Tho' he knew the rules of rhetoric, as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his pastorals, and keeps close to the character of

antiquity: nor ought the connections and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connections, we have instances in the writings of the antient Chinese, of the Jews and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of Dithyrambics, in the choros's of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If Mr. F. and Ruyus had consider'd this, the one would have spar'd his critique of the sixth, and the other, his reflections upon the ninth pastoral. The over scrupulous care of connections, makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the Pensées of the incomparable Mr. Paschal, and perhaps Mr. Bayle, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious Parterre of sorted flowers in our gardens, and we are much more transported with the beauty of the heavens, and admiration of their creator, in a clear night, when we behold stars of all magnitudes, promiscuously moving together, than if those glorious lights were rank'd in their several orders, or reduc'd into the finest Geometrical figures.

Another rule omitted by P. Rapin, as some of his are by me, for I do not design an intire treatise in this preface, is, that not only the sentences should be short and smart, upon which account he justly blames the Italian, and French, as too talkative, but that the whole piece should be so too. Virgil transgress'd this rule in his first Pastorals, I mean those which he compos'd at Mantua, but rectify'd the fault in his riper years. This appears by the Colex, which is as long as five of his Pastorals

put

put together. The greater part of those he finish'd, have less than an hundred verses, and but two of them exceed that number. But the Silenus, which he seems to have design'd for his master-piece, in which he introduces a god singing, and he too full of inspiration (which is intended by that ebriety, which Mr. F. so unreasonably ridicules) tho' it go thro' so vast a field of matter, and comprises the mythology of near two thousand years, consists but of fifty lines; so that its brevity is no less admirable, than the subject matter; the noble fashion of handling it, and the Deity speaking. Virgil keeps up his characters in this respect too, with the strictest decency. For poetry and pastime was not the business of mens lives in those days, but only their seasonable recreation after necessary labours. And therefore the length of some of the modern Italian, and English compositions is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of Pastorals, tho' it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse, as it is commonly call'd, was us'd by the Greeks is this sort of poem, as very antient and natural: Lyrics, Iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers, of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a Genus, than Species, of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

The first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat laetas fegetes, quo fydere terram,

and of the Aeneis,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses, is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of Pastoral, usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceeding difficult, that he quitted it and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most antient sort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it; and therefore a French historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes that invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it, and therefore those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false Syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this

Vir precor Uxori, frater succurre Sorori,

was passable in Ovid, but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At Regina pyra.

So that the principal ornament of modern Poetry, was accounted deformity by the Latins, and Greeks; it was they who invented the different termination of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages,

The

The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables, into one disjointed verse; they may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful Spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any modern put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus,

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; and the French, Spanish, and Italian a corruption of Latin; and therefore a man might as well go about to persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquor than wine, as that the modern compositions can be as graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself. The Greek tongue very naturally falls into Iambics, and therefore the diligent reader may find six or seven and twenty of them in those accurate orations of Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls into Heroic; and therefore the beginning of Livy's history is half an hexameter, and that of Tacitus an intire one. * The Roman historian describing the glorious effort of a colonel to break thro' a Brigade of the enemies, just after the defeat at Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a verse not unworthy Virgil himself.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cuneoque
Facto per medios, &c.

Ours and the French can at best but fall into blank

* Livy.

L 3 verse,

verse, which is a fault in prose. The misfortune indeed is common to us both, but we deserve more compassion, because we are not vain of our barbarities. As age brings men back into the state and infirmities of childhood, upon the fall of their empire, the Romans doted into rhyme, as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the Latin church; and yet a great deal of the French poetry does hardly deserve that poor title. I shall give an instance out of a poem which had the good luck to gain the prize in 1685, for the subject deserv'd a nobler pen.

Tous les jours ce grand Roy des autres Roys l'exemple,
S'ouvre nouveau chemin au faîte de un ton temple, &c.

The judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of verse near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear wondering at that passage of a famous Academician, in which he, most compassionately, excuses the antients for their not being so exact in their compositions, as the modern French, because they wanted a Dictionary, of which the French are at last happily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero had been so lucky as to have had a Dictionary, and such a patron as cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they might have aspir'd to the honour of Balzac's legacy of ten pounds, *Le prix de l'Eloquence*.

On the contrary, I dare assert that there are hardly ten lines in either of those great orators, or even in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which are not more harmonious, more truly Rythmical, than most of the French or English sonnets; and therefore they lose, at least, one half of their native beauty by translation.

I cannot but add one remark on this occasion, that the French verse is oftentimes not so much as rhyme, in the lowest sense; for the childish repetition of the same note cannot be call'd music; such instances are infinite, as in the forecited poem.

'Epris
MéprisTrophée
Orphéecaché;
cherché.

Mr. Boileau himself has a great deal of this *μωρολογία*, not by his own neglect, but purely by the faultiness and poverty of the French tongue. Mr. F. at last goes into the excessive Paradoxes of Mr. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs, preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an antient writer of as good credit has assur'd us, that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek Odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

* Exact propriety of word and thought.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another; for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much oblig'd, after all those golden dreams at the L'Ouvre, that their pieces will be as much valu'd ten or twelve ages hence, as the antient Greek, or Roman, I can no more get it into my head, that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H—— K. [of the royal society,] if he should pretend to shew me a butterfly that had liv'd a thousand winters.

When Mr. F. wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty, and graces of their writings do consist.

* Essay of poetry.

Light Tropics
Climate

Mr. Götter himself has a great deal of this matter, not by his own right, but purely by the kindness and poverty of the French tongue. Mr. F. at last goes into the exclusive Pantheon of Mr. Farnham, and books of the vast number of their excellent dogs, putting them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer of as good credit has added us that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek Odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were to very idly read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of our day or theirs with

Exhaust property of word and thought.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual congratulations which they give one another, the I and I am far from censuring the whole of this illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged, and all those golden diamonds at the I Overt, that their pieces will be as much valued ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek, or Roman. I can no more get it into my head, that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H. — K. [of the royal society] if he should pretend to show me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When Mr. V. wrote his Histories, he was so far from equalling Vigil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings consisted.

It is not to be wondered at, that the learned Dr. H. — K. should be so far from equalling Vigil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings consisted.

By the Author of the
Spectator.

THE
WORKS
OF
Thomas Tickell, Esq;

Thomas Tickell, Esq;

THE
WORKS

OF

Thomas Tickell, Esq;

To the supposed Author of the Spectator.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution thro' their tingling veins.

Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear;
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.
To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride,
Thy glass betrays what treach'rous love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but insas'd by stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart:
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:
From felon gamblers the raw squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to thee.
His miss the frolick viscount dreads to roast,
Or his third cure the shallow templar boast;
And the rash fool who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his god.

The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin and pretends to Greek.
A santring tribe! such born to wide estates,
With yea and no in senates hold debates:

At

At length despis'd each to his fields retires,
 First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires;
 From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
 In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
 Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;
 Fame, heav'n and hell, are thy exalted theme,
 And visions such as Jove himself might dream;
 Man sunk to slav'ry, tho' to glory born,
 Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.

Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
 And thou alone deserve from such a friend:
 A debt so borrow'd, is illustrious shame,
 And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
 So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's queen bestow'd,
 With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd.
 Such gen'rous strifes Eugene and Marlbro' try,
 And as in glory, so in friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee to live — nor blame
 A muse that pants and languishes for fame;
 That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
 Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things:
 Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy, my rhimes
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
 Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
 But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.

So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;
 Thro' the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
 Thrust forth the gems, and give the flow'rs to blow
 Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
 With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy
Seal, on the Prospect of Peace.

Contending kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain!
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade:
Disbanded hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And heav'n and Anna bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our Queen her mitred Bristol forth,
For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth,
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with held
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty field;
Compleatly form'd to heal the christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and heav'n by pray'r,
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crozier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fat'ning streams to putrid gore:
Plenty

Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of god,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To style companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place.
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring
One hour, oh! listen while the muses sing.
'Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts, to learn their master's fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy Queen's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects in my verse display'd,
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade,
Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay,

A Poem on the Prospect of Peace.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground;
In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams,
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams,

On

On glory past reflect, with secret pain,
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's Queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her same with christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
In silent rapture each his foe surveys,
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound,
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy vet'ran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And fighting bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
 O'er-pay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils;
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
 When English valour English beauty fires;
 The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
 Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,
 Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
 And smiles, or trembles at his various fate.
 Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
 Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
 And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
 His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the bard, that tells
 Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,
 Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-throw,
 And cleave a giant at a random blow,
 Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
 The goblin's fury and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,
 To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
 From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
 'Till far Germania shews her bluffed face.
 Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
 Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd;
 Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,
 He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name;

Here

Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,
 Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field;
 On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood
 The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood:
 When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng,
 Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry bed,
 And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
 Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
 Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
 If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold:
 So, Hostet seen, tumultuous passions rowl,
 And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,
 In fancy'd flights he sees the troops engage,
 And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright
 Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muse delight,
 Content to see the horrors of the field
 By plough-shares levell'd, or in flow'rs conceal'd.
 O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
 And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine,
 Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
 Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;
 While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
 Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man? oblivion blast his name,
 Torn out, and blotted from the list of fame!
 Who fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave,

M

His

His neighbour's realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd
 In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
 And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe
 All the great ills, that mortals bear below.
 Curs'd by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
 His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields;
 Curs'd by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
 When left a widow, though not yet a bride;
 By mothers curs'd, when floods of tears they shed,
 And scatter useless roses on the dead.
 Oh sacred Bristol! then what dangers prove
 The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love?
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
 In vain the marble breaths, the canvas glows;
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues
 The gentle poet, and defenceless muse.
 A voice, like thine alone, might then assuage
 The warrior's fury, and controul his rage;
 To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's stormy shore
 The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar;
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,
 Where Tartar clans, and grisly Cossacks reign;
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons cries,
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
 From pure religion, and impartial laws,
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus, to the fable sings,
 Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs,
 With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the lowering skies,
 Light, o'er the deep, with flut'ring Cupids crown'd,
 The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;
 Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
 Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen;
 In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
 Defenceless barks, her pow'rful navy near,
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
 What bold invader, or what land oppress
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest?
 Say, where have e'er her union-crosses fail'd,
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
 Her labours are to plead th' almighty's cause,
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize;
 But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne
 The king, whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,
 Whose scepter waving, with one shout rush forth
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
 Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way
 To court our friendship, and our fame survey!

Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
 And round his empire spread the learned store:
 T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.
 His bands now march in just array to war,
 And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear;
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
 And wond'ring Volga hears the muses sing.
 Did not the painted kings of India greet
 Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet!
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft,
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars, or sun before.
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
 Which o'er new worlds makes heav'n's indulgence shine,
 And ranges myriads under laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
 Now o'er his head the polar beam he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies,
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grotto's shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field,

Which,

Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,
May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,
And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe,
In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon, and Lumly's faithful band,
Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
And Campbel's dragon on his dauntless breast,
Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
And if the muse, O Bristol, might decree, }
Here Granville noted by the lyre should be, }
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee. }

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
When English numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling song the muse can only yield,
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field,
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms,
The poet's haunt, Britannia's hero comes——
Begin, my muse, and softly touch the string:
Here Henry lov'd; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled grotto! hail Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.

Oft, if the muse preface, shall he be seen
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
 In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
 And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
 Vice of great souls alone! O thirst of fame!
 The muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career;
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast;
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free;
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
 But what thou giv'st the world, thy self enjoy.

Sweet solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last,
 Toft through tempestuous seas, the voyage o'er,
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.
 Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span:
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come,
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
 Where rear'd aloft dissembling trophies stand,
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall;

Hein

Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,
 Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls.
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'als wore,
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
 Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought.
 Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horse-man's pride,
 And Gaul's fair flow'rs, in human crimson dy'd.
 Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on it's glitt'ring charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
 The little Loves in sport his sauchion wield,
 Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield:
 One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embu'd,
 And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood,
 Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er blown,
 Shall whiter rounds of smiling years rowl on,
 Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
 Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
 But oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
 Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns!
 If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
 And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own,
 Behold what flow'rs the pious muses strow,
 And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow,

Cypres and bays your envy'd brows surround,
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
 And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their mem'ry draws,
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'raign's cause:
 For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
 Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
 But Europe's freedom doth that prize repay.
 Lamented triumphs! when one breath must tell
 That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen! whose names strikes haughty monarchs
 On whose just scepter hangs Europa's scale, [pale,
 Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait:
 From Albion's cliffs thy wide extended hand
 Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
 So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run
 It's circling skies shall see no setting sun.
 Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
 And savage Indians swear by Anna's name,
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
 The watry kingdoms, and controul the main,
 Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,
 Across the 'cas a formidable line;
 The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore;
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound,
 Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide,

On either bank the land it's master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
While at one foot their thronging galleys ride,
A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the further side
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsel Dunkirk now restor'd
To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his sov'reign's frown,
And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
Whose vast expences to such sums amount,
That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account,
Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast tow'rs restrain,
It's weakest ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendship, Anna, with the mighty prize.
Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
Sees the new glories of the British crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite,
Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.

Hence-

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise,
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
 Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
 Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
 And turn God's fury from an impious age.
 Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
 Shall rear new temples in his native land,
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
 On her own works the pious Queen shall smile,
 And turn her cares upon her fav'rite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,
 He bears a tempest on his founding wings,
 And his red arm the forked vengeance flings;
 At length, heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
 To rowl his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
 These guard the church, and those direct the state.
 To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
 The church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,
 She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,
 Defend her rights, and re-enforce her laws,
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking land.
 The wealthiest globe to rav'nous Spaniards known
 He marks and makes the golden world our own,

Con-

Content with hands unfoild to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her ancient pride shall ev'ry art renew,
The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the muse's friend.
With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze,
Whence health from herbs; from seeds how groves begun,
How vital streams in circling eddies run.
Some teach why round the sun the spheres advance,
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her show'ry bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage:
'Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands,
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands,
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
Garth, in majestick numbers, to the stars
Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastic wars;

Like

Like the young spreading laurels, Pope, thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
 With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join:
 He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rowls her ancient stream;
 In cloyster'd domes the great Philippa's pride,
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
 My eager breast to raise the British name,
 Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
 To woo the muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

To

To Mr. Addison on his Opera of
ROSAMOND.

—— Ne forte pudori
Sit Tibi Musa Lyrae solers, & Cantor Apollo.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excell the new.
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscips how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimic Echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain;
 In dirges thus expiring swans complain;
 Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
 And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great:
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
 Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.
 So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the God of verse, and light.
 Unrival'd as unmatched be still thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
 Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
 Who reads thy work, shall own the sweet surprize,
 And view thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

To the same on his Tragedy of Cato.

TOO long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage:

By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:

The sweet infection, mixt with dang'rous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.

You scorn to raise a grief thy self must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:

A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow?
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,

When thy firm heroe stands beneath the weight
Of all his suff'rings venerably great?

Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride.

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare,

'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:

His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,

A while they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.

Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,

Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's flag,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to British arms, and British wit:
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.

The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,
 In thee we find: each deed, each word express'd,
 And ev'ry thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
 With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
 We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

The Royal Progress.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest heart,
 Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art;
 For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
 Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
 In golden chains the kings of India led,
 Or rent the turban from the Sultan's head.
 One, in old fables, and the Pagan strain,
 With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
 Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
 And fills th' infernal region with alarms;
 A third awakes some Druid, to foretell
 Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
 Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
 While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.

My

My muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view:
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind;
With secret grief his god like soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sov'reign's way.
Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood;
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise;
Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruits and flow'rs the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth heav'n decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial liberty!

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits, 'till eastern gales
 Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
 Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
 The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings;
 Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
 Takes in the blended int'rests of mankind,
 The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
 Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
 Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By rocks or streams, the mounds which heav'n design'd;
 The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking tow'rs, and lessening land.
 The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
 Breaks thro' the billows, and divides the main.
 O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
 A watry prospect bounded by the skies:
 Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
 Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
 Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,
 And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful crew
 Hail Albion's cliffs; just whitening to the view.
 Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
 Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
 The monarch hears the thund'ring peals around,
 From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
 Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
 The roarings of the hoarse-resounding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
 He views his kingdom in its rural pride;

A various scene the wide spread landscape yields,
 O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields:
 A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
 And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
 Fair Greenwich hid in woods with new delight,
 Shade above shade, now rises to the fight:
 His woods ordain'd to visit ev'ry shore,
 And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way,
 A blaze of fires renews the fading day;
 Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
 Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;
 Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
 Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
 In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
 And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
 Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
 For thee the east breath'd out a propitious breeze,
 Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
 Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
 And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
 That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
 The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
 At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
 Show each the other with reflected grace,
 And the same beauties bloom in either face:
 The puzzled strangers which is which enquire:
 Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.

From that fair * hill, where hoary fages boast
 To name the stars, and count the heav'nly host,
 By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
 Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
 O'er 'Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
 And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
 A floating forest. From the distant strand
 A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:
 Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
 Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
 Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
 A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So, haply, through the heav'n's wide pathless ways
 A comet draws a long extended blaze;
 From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
 And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal tow'rs securely brought,
 He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;
 Resumes the delegated pow'r he gave,
 Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
 Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
 Select, to heighten and adorn her song?
 Thee, Hallifax. To thy capacious mind,
 O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
 Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
 By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
 An arduous work! again thy charge we see,
 And thy own care once more returns to thee.
 O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
 Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:

* Mr. Flamstead's house.

Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
 To smile on arts thy self did once adorn:
 For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
 And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The muse, if fir'd with thy enliv'ning beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
 Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
 And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign;
 Bright Carolina's heav'nly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
 A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;
 Who sees by Brunswick's hand her scepter sway'd,
 And through his line from age to age convey'd.

An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus.

H O R A C E. B O O K I. O D E X V.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio, non secus in jugis
 Exsomnia stupet Evias
 Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 Lustratam Rhodopen. ——— Hor.

AS Mar his round one morning took,
 Whom some call earl, and some call duke,
 And his new brethren of the blade,
 Shiv'ring with fear and frost, sarvey'd,

On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
 An aged wizard six foot high,
 With bristled hair, and visage blighted,
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grizly sage in thought profound
 Beheld the chief with back so round,
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,
 And into these tremendous speeches
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

Into what ills betray'd, by thee,
 This ancient kingdom do I see!
 Her realms un-peopled and forlorn!
 Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
 Proud English loons, our clans o'ercome,
 On Scotch pads shall amble home;
 I see them dress'd in bonnets blue,
 The spoils of thy rebellious crew,
 I see the target, cast away,
 And chequer'd plad become their prey,
 The chequer'd plad to make a gown
 For many a lass in London town.

In vain thy hungry mountaineers
 Come forth in all their warlike geers,
 The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,
 In which they daily want to swagger,
 And oft have fall'd out to pillage
 The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
 Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
 Have carry'd off a low-land sheep.

What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
 Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,

With

With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
And Foster's troop of raggamuffins ?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
A loyal soul, thy troops affright,
While hoarsely he demands the fight ?
Do'st thou not gen'rous Ilay dread,
The bravest hand, the wisest head ?
Undaunted do'st thou hear th' alarms
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms ?

Douglas, who draws his lineage down
From thanes and peers of high renown,
Fiery, and young, and uncontrol'd,
With knights, and squires, and barons bold,
His noble household-band, advances,
And on his milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars :
And Monro kindled into rage
Sow'rly defies thee to engage ;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot — if thou had'st any.

But see Argyle, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchment lies !
Couch'd like a lyon in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey ;
While like a herd of tim'rous deer
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led, by their doughty gen'ral's skill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is thus thy haughty promise pay'd;
 That to the Chevalier was made,
 When thou didst oaths and duty barter,
 For dukedom, gen'ralship, and garter;
 Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
 With highland scepter in his hand,
 Too good for his pretended birth.
 — Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

'Tis so decreed: for George shall reign,
 And traitors be forsworn in vain.
 Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,
 And bless him still with an Argyle.
 While thou, pursu'd by vengeful foes,
 Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
 And hinder'd passing Inverlochy,
 Shalt burn thy clan, and curse poor Jock.

An Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon.

TO thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
 The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.
 Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
 Worse than an exile on my native shore.
 Companions in your master's flight you roam,
 Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home;
 For-ever near the royal outlaw's side
 You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
 On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
 And with imaginary titles swell.

Say,

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
 The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
 Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?
 The strength of armies? or the force of pray'r?
 Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive?
 From saints departed, or from priests alive?
 Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,
 And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;
 Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
 But skill and courage win the crowns below.

E're to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
 Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
 In female joys I took a dull delight,
 Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:
 But now, with fears and publick cares possess'd,
 The church, the church, for-ever breaks my rest.
 The Post-boy on my pillow I explore,
 And sift the news of ev'ry foreign shore,
 Studious to find new friends, and new allies;
 What armies march from Sueden in disguise;
 How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
 And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold:
 Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
 Cross many a region marks the winding way;
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
 And grow a meer geographer by love:
 But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:
 Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
 And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, tho' foil'd in arms, despair,
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair:
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.

Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs;
 Be theirs the musquet, while the tongue is ours,
 We reason with such fluency and fire,
 The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
 Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
 And from our judges vindicate the laws.
 Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost,
 A crown, tho' late, thy sacred brow may boast;
 Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree;
 Those who win hearts, have giv'n their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that, when profusely gay
 Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sov'raign's day,
 We stubborn damsels met the publick view
 In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue?
 What whig but trembled, when our spotless band
 In virgin roses whiten'd half the land!
 Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,
 When oaken boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal breast!
 Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood,
 When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
 'Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
 The youth of Kent beneath it's wandring shade.

Those, who the succours of the fair despise,
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
 Thy female bands, O prince by fortune cross'd,
 At least more courage than thy men may boast:
 Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
 And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.
 From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
 The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
 Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
 With all their poles the guardians of the night,
 And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.

Nor fears the hawk in her warbling note
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought.
 Tho' red with stripes, and recent from the throng,
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

Mean while, regardless of the royal cause,
 His sword for James no brother sov'rain draws.
 The pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
 And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,
 But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
 And into ready money coyns his gods.
 The dauntless Suede, pursu'd by vengeful foes,
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows;
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
 Safe, Bar-le-duc, within thy silent grove
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove:
 The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
 Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the sylvan war:
 Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
 Or grunt secure beneath the chestnut shade.
 Inconstant Orleans, still we mourn the day
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway,
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
 Far from the call of his desponding friends.
 Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace!
 And such the terrors of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd,
 And sudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd!

For

For this did heav'n display to mortal eyes
 Aërial knights and combats in the skies!
 Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red!
 And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed!
 False auguries! th' insulting victors' scorn!
 Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn!
 O portents contru'd on our side in vain!
 Let never Tory trust eclipse again!
 Run clear, ye fountains! be at peace, ye skies;
 And Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise!

To Rome then must the royal wand'rer go,
 And fall a suppliant at the papal toe?
 His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,
 One half in luxury, and one in pray'r?
 His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease
 The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
 Shall he, whose antient patriarchal race
 To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
 In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
 And poll for points of faith his trusty vote!
 Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
 And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!
 Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
 And English heretics curse once a year!
 Garnet and Faux shall he with pray'rs invoke,
 And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smok!
 Forbid it heav'n! my soul, to fury wrought,
 Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
 And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;
 Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
 And still the double claim divides my breast.
 The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
 And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:

To James my passions and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
In vain did falshood his fair fame disgrace;
What force had falshood, when he show'd his face!
In vain to war our boastful clans were led;
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name:
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows:
Spite of feign'd fears, and artificial cries,
The pious town sees fifty churches rise:
The heroic triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his fire: another and the same.
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms:
With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face,
Half-sick'ning at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye:
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess! happy by thy foes confest!
Blest in thy husband! in thy children blest!
As they from thee, from them new beauties born.
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn,
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy smile celestial and un-fading bloom

Great

Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
 And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race,
 The fair descendents of thy sacred bed
 Wide-branching o'er the western world shall spread,
 Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
 To earthward bending of it's self takes root,
 Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
 In verdant arches on the fertile land;
 Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
 My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend;
 Since heav'n appoints this favour'd race to reign,
 And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain:
 Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake?
 Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
 Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree?
 If not to Brunswick, O return to me!
 Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend:
 What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend,
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
 Great Brunswic's virtues will secure thy fame:
 Say, these invite thee to approach his throne,
 And own the monarch, heav'n vouchsafes to own:
 The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve;
 Say this to them; but swear to me 'twas love.

An

An Ode; occasion'd by his Excellency the Earl of Stanhope's Voyage to France.

I.

FAIR daughter once of windfor's woods!

In safety o'er the rowling floods

Britannia's boast and darling care,

Big with the fate of Europe, bear.

May winds propitious on his way

The minister of peace convey;

Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm

Great George's liquid realms deform.

II.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails

Already swell with western gales;

Already Albion's coast retires,

And Calais multiplies her spires:

At length has royal Orleans prest,

With open arms, the well-known guest;

Before in sacred friendship join'd,

And now in counsels for mankind:

III.

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,

And plans the threaten'd world's repose,

They fix each haughty monarch's doom,

And bless whole ages yet to come.

Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree

What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea;

For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow;

And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine
 The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine !
 Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage
 With half the warring world engage.
 Oh ! call to mind thy thousands slain,
 And Almanara's fatal plain ;
 While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
 Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.

WHAT kings henceforth shall reign, what states
 be free,
 Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree :
 Whose brows the muse's sacred wreath shall fit,
 Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
 With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
 'Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate;
 Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
 Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
 Is but the praise of a capricious town ;
 While with mock-majesty, and fancy'd pow'r,
 He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
 Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
 Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart ;
 In turn and simile resign his breath,
 And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
 We blush, when plays like these receive applause ;
 And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause ;
 With honest scorn our own success disdain,
 A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear;
 Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
 To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
 The work of poets, whom you taught to sing:
 Tho' crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
 Nor take the laurel 'till bestow'd by you.
 Great Cato's self the glory of the stage,
 Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
 Begs here he may be try'd by Roman laws;
 To you, O fathers, he submits his cause;
 He rests not in the people's gen'ral voice
 'Till you, the Senate, have confirm'd his choice.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
 To wind the passions and command the heart,
 For fancy'd ills to force out tears to flow,
 And make the gen'rous soul in love with woe;
 To raise the shades of heroes to our view;
 Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.
 How hard the task! how rare the godlike rage!
 None should presume to dictate for the stage,
 But such as boast a great extensive mind,
 Enrich'd by nature, and by art refin'd;
 Who from the antient stores their knowledge bring,
 And tasted early of the muse's spring.
 May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
 But such, as sprung from you, are born to wit:
 Chos'n by the mob, their lawless claim we flight:
 Yours is the old hereditary right.

Thoughts

Thoughts occasioned by the sight of
an original picture of King Charles I.
taken at the time of his trial.

Inscribed to GEORGE CLARKE, Esq;

Animum Pictura pascit inani

Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.

Virg.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,
Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness, and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow,
Thus to survey God's substitute below,
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.

When spoil'd of empire by un-hallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;
Doom'd for the faith plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;
Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
The king, the father, and the saint to mourn. —
How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:
Near thy bold work the stun'd spectators faint,
Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint.

What

What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show,
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.

Where then, just heav'n, was thy unactive hand,
Thy idle thunder, and thy ling'ring brand!
Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,
And the great Genii of anointed kings!
Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
So sad, none like can time's old records tell,
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell,
All names but one too low — that one too high:
All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.

O pow'r supreme? how secret are thy ways!
Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,
With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
His ballance hold, and guide his angry rod;
New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
And found th' immense with his short scanty line.
Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,
His now unequal dispensations clear,
And make all wise and beautiful appear;
When suff'ring saints aloft in beams shall glow,
And prosp'rous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
A pledge of hell to dying Cromwell's heart:
Then this pale image seem'd to invade his room,
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb,
While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
And the storm wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did heav'n command
 To scatter blessings o'er the British land.
 Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,
 And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main;
 Not those more kind, which guide our floating tow'rs,
 Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours:
 That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
 Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
 Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
 And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
 O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main;
 Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
 Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
 This fight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
 The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest;
 To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
 And one destroy'd a thousand kings defend.

A Fragment of a Poem on Hunting.

*Dona cano Divum, lætas venantibus artes,
 Auspicio, Diana, tuo ————— Gratius.*

H Orses and hounds, their care, their various race,
 The numerous beasts, that range the rural chase,
 The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
 The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
 I first in British verse presume to raise;
 A vent'rous rival of the Roman praise.
 Let me, chaste queen of woods, thy aid obtain,
 Bring here thy light foot nymphs and sprightly train:

If

If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
 To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
 Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
 And grant me genius for the bold design.
 In this soft shade, O, sooth the warrior's fire,
 And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre,
 And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
 The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
 The minds and genius of the latrant race.
 In pow'rs distinct the diff'rent clans excel,
 In fight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell;
 By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,
 And some by courage win the doubtful day.
 See'st thou the gaze-hound! how with glance severe
 From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer!
 How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
 The hare preventing in her airy maze;
 The luckless prey how treach'rous tumblers gain,
 And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane;
 O'er all the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
 To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!
 His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
 True to the master's voice, and learned horn.
 His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
 Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew,
 Once snuff'd he follows with unalter'd aim,
 Nor odours lure him from the chosen game,
 Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
 Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

Some hounds of manners vile, nor less we find
 Of fops in hounds, than in the reas'ning kind.

Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,
 And from the scent divert the wiser train;
 For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
 And mar the music with their senseless tone;
 Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
 And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
 A sauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace.
 Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
 Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
 I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
 Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem;
 Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
 And sing the chosen worthies of their race;
 How his fire's features in the son were spy'd,
 When Die was made the vig'rous Ringwood's bride.
 Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
 Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
 Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line;
 And dogs to beauty make as diff'ring claims,
 As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.
 Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
 And paint the thousand families of hounds:
 First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
 Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
 The task be mine to teach Britannia's swains,
 My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.

Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
 His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
 Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
 A tap'ring tail, that nimbly cuts the wind;

Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his
 paw,
 Large-leg'd, dry-sol'd, and of pretended claw.
 His flat, wide nostrils souff the sav'ry steam,
 And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
 Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
 With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
 He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
 And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
 To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
 And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.

The matron bitch whose womb shall best produce
 The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,
 Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign seed,
 For various nature loathes incestuous breed;
 Is like the fire throughout. Nor yet displeas'd
 Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In spring let loose thy pairs. Then all things prove
 The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:
 Ætherial Jove then glads, with genial show'rs,
 Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with flow'rs;
 Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try
 More kindly breezes, and a softer sky:
 Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
 In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.
 Fell tygers soften in th' infectious flames,
 And lions, fawning, court their brinded dames:
 Great love pervades the deep; to please his mate,
 The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous weight,
 Heav'd by his wayward mirth old ocean roars,
 And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All nature smiles; come now, nor fear, my love,
 To taste the odours of the wood-bine grove,

To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,
 And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.
 An altar, bound with recent flow'rs, I rear
 To thee, best season of the various year;
 All hail! such days in beauteous order ran,
 So swift, so sweet, when first the world began,
 In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great fire assign'd
 The names, and natures of the brutal kind;
 Then lamb, and lion friendly walk'd their round,
 And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
 Wondrous to tell! but when, with luckless hand,
 Our daring mother broke the sole command,
 Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
 Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign;
 Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
 And hungry churles ensnar'd the nightly prey;
 Rude arts at first; but witty want refin'd
 The huntsman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,
 The panther bound, and launc'd the bristling boar;
 He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
 And wheel the courser in his mid career;
 Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!
 Let me, ye pow'rs, an humbler wreath demand.
 No pomps I ask, which crowns and scepters yield,
 Nor dang'rous lawrels in the dusty field;
 Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,
 Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,
 To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,
 A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name,

And now thy female bears in ample womb
 The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.
 No sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,
 Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.

Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,
To range thy courts, and bask before the sun;
Near thy full table let the fav'rite stand,
Stroak'd by thy son's, or blooming daughter's hand.
Carefs, indulge, by arts the matron bribe,
T' improve her breed, and teem a vig'rous tribe.

So, if small things may be compar'd with great,
And nature's works the muses imitate,
So, stretch'd in shades, and lull'd by murm'ring streams,
Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heav'nly dreams.
Recluse, serene the musing prophet lay,
'Till thoughts in embryo, rip'ning, burst their way.
Hence bees in state, and foaming courfers come,
Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

* * * * *

To Apollo making Love. From Monsieur Fontenelle.

I.

I Am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:

II.

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
I'm the god of the harp — stop my fairest — in vain;
Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

III.

III.

Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above, and of phyfic below:
 At the dreadful word phyfic, the nymph fled more fast;
 At the fatal word phyfic she doubled her haste.

IV.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

The fatal Curiosity.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babler, fame,
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
 And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
 Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
 And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
 And where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
 On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
 I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away;
 All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
 And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports, and flutters near the treach'rous blaze;
 Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
 He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

To a Lady; with a Description of
the Phoenix.

LAvish of wit, and bold appear the lines,
Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines;
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poets art,
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
— Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
The heav'nly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes:
O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom disclose,
Th' untainted lilly, and unfolding rose;
Ease in your mein, and sweetness in your face,
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time shall urge the e' beauties to decay,
While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
In ev'ry change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame,

A description of the Phoenix: from Claudian.

IN utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,
Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever smile,
Which sees the sun put on his first array,
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
And glimm'ring beams dispel the parting night.

In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
The happy Phoenix keeps his balmy seat,
Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
A god-like bird! whose endless round of years
Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,
Or drink the chrystal of the mumm'ring rill;
But fed by warmth from Titan's purer ray,
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
Still he renews his life in these abodes,
Contemns the pow'r of fate, and mates the gods.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play;
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;

His

His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
And on the fun'ral pile begin to live.

For when a thousand times the summer sun
His bending race has on the zodiac run,
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
As oft the wint'ry brought the numbing cold;
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
The shade, and glory of the mountain's brow.
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er spread,
It, slowly sinking, nods its tott'ring head,
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then, as the silver empress of the night
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,
So, froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies,
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
Scarce rear th' unactive lumber from the ground.

Mysterious arts a second time create
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
Pill'd on an heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays;
The pile design'd to form his fun'ral scene
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
And bids the spicy heap at once become
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,
To dart upon him in collected rays,
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The God beholds the suppliant from afar,
And stops the progress of his heav'nly carr.

" O Thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
 " Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
 " An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn,
 " Thou, on whom heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous doom
 " To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,
 " Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
 " And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view.

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed
 A golden beam he tosses from his head;
 Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
 And strait devours the willing sacrifice.
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
 Sink into strength, and into life expire.

In flames the circling odours mount on high,
 Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
 The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
 And nature startles at the doubtful sight;
 For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
 The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
 Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
 The noblest product of the skill she claims.

Th' enliv'ning dust its head begins to rear,
 And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear:
 In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
 And life returning revels in his veins:
 A new-born Phoenix starting from the flame,
 Obtains at once a son's, and father's name:
 And the great change of double life displays,
 In the short moment of one transient blaze.

On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
 And to the gods his parent urn commends,
 To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
 The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
 And grace the triumph of his infant flight:

In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
 Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky;
 Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
 Obstruct his journey thro' th' æthereal space,
 The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,
 Forego their courage, and consent to fear;
 The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
 And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.

Less glitt'ring pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
 Commanding legions to the dusty field;
 Tho' sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
 And royal gold his awful head surround;
 Tho' rich embroid'ry paint his purple vest,
 And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
 Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
 In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.

Fam'd for the worship of the sun, there stands
 A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
 Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb
 An hundred columns rear the marble dome;
 Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
 A grateful off'ring to the beamy god;
 Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
 The seeds and reliques of himself he lays,
 Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
 And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
 The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,
 To cheer old ocean, and enrich the skies,
 With Nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
 And scent the sev'n-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice happy Phoenix! heav'n's peculiar care
 Has made thy self thy self's surviving heir;
 By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruin all the world beside;
 Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
 And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns.

What-

Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt, while ages roll away;
 Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
 O'er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-spread;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
 When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

Verfes to Mrs. Lowther on her Marriage. From Menage.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,
 Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
 His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,
 The bright Diana of our flow'ry plains;
 He, 'midst the graceful, of superior grace,
 And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno shed,
 And crown the pleasures of the genial bed,
 Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
 Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
 Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest gifts on those,
 Who boldly rival thy most hated foes;
 The vig'rous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
 And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

To

To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.

THE fragrant painting of our flow'ry fields,
 The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
 Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,
 The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
 O cheer the flow'rs, my fair, and let them rest
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
 With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatt'rer in the flow'r,
 Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless pow'r:
 Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips out-blush the op'ning rose;
 The lilly's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
 And wreaths of jess'mine shed perfumes, beneath
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.

Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
 How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!
 But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hast'ning day,
 This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
 The roses wither, and the lillies pine.

The garland's fate to thine shall be apply'd,
 And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride:
 Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
 Let joy be new, and now a waste of love;
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
 And that which shew'd thy beauty, shew its use.

On a Lady's Picture: To Gilfred
Lawson, Esq;

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes;
Now fated, from the lovely phantome flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her iv'ry neck his lips presume to kiss,
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange pow'r of paint! thou nice creator art!
What love inspires, may life it self impart.
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

Part of the fourth Book of Lucan:

Cæsar, having resolv'd to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamp'd near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THeir ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondring soldiers knew;
Brother, with brother in unnat'ral strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life:
Curst civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough vet'ran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
For vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw;
And run, with transport, to the longing foe:
Here their long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths, who in arts beneath our tutor grew,
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.

Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
Why blame ye heav'n, and charge your guilt on fate?
Why dread the tyrant, whom your selves make great?

Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight.
Bids he the standards move? refuse the fight.
Your gen'ral, left by you, will love again,
A son and father, when they're private men.

Kind Concord, Heavenly-born! whose blissful reign
Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
Whose laws the jarring elements controul,
And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
This lucky hour, thy aid, fair goddess, bring!
This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
They know their duty, now their friends are known.
Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be,
New crimes, by love inane'd, this night shall see:
Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare:
On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground;
Around the fire they talk; one shews his scars,
One tells what chance first led him to the wars;
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
And the mute circle listens to the tale.
They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate.
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate;
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreus first the news was told,
The jealous gen'ral thought his legions fold.
Swift, with the guards, his head-strong fury drew,
From out his camp he drives the hostile crew;

Cuts clasping friends afunder with his sword,
And stains with blood each hospitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out. " Oh ! lest to fame !
 ' Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !
 ' Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?
 ' Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.
 ' What ? will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
 ' A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?
 ' Shall he be su'd to take you into place
 ' Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?
 ' What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious thought !
 ' And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !
 ' The toils, we bear, my friends, are not for life,
 ' Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;
 ' But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
 ' A fair amusement, and a specious name.
 ' Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
 ' Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tow'r,
 ' Ne'er had the steed in harness fought the plain,
 ' Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;
 ' Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
 ' Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
 ' By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
 ' Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;
 ' Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
 ' And traitors only in a righteous cause ?
 ' Oh shame ! in vain through nations far and wide,
 ' Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
 ' Fall'n Pompey ! while thy legions here betray
 ' Thy cheap bought life, and treat thy fame away."

He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
His blood flies upward, and his bosom turns.

So, hap'ly tam'd, the tyger bears his bands,
 Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands;
 But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.
 He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
 And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.

Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
 On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,
 Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,
 And made the whole malignity their own.
 The beds, the plenteous tables float with gore,
 And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
 Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
 Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept,
 But every blow their wav'ring rage assures,
 In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
 Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
 descry,
 But fires by sons, and sons by fathers die.
 Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
 Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
 Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame
 On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

The first Book of Homer's Iliad.

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,
 That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,
 O goddess sing. Full many a hero's ghost
 Was driv'n untimely to th' infernal coast,
 While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,
 A feast for dogs, and ev'ry bird of prey.

So did the fire of gods and men fulfill
 His steadfast purpose, and almighty will;
 What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,
 Atrides king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.

What God in strife the princes did engage?
 Apollo, burning with vindictive rage
 Against the scornful king, whose impious pride
 His priest dishonour'd, and his pow'r defy'd.
 Hence swift contagion, by the God's commands,
 Swept through the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian bands,

For, wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,
 His daughter's ransom, to the tented shore:
 His scepter stretching forth, the golden rod,
 Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his God,
 Of all the host, of ev'ry princely chief,
 But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief.

' Great Atreus' sons, and warlike Greeks, attend.
 ' So may th' immortal Gods your cause befriend.
 ' So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,
 ' And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,
 ' As for these gifts my daughter you bestow,
 ' And rev'rence due to great Apollo show,
 ' Jove's fav'rite offspring, terrible in war,
 ' Who sends his shafts, un-erring, from afar.

Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise
 The priest to rev'rence, and give back the prize;
 When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke
 In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke.

' Hence, dotard, from my sight. Nor ever more
 ' Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore,

' Least thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,
 ' The wreaths and scepter of thy God, in vain.
 ' The captive maid I never will resign;
 ' Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.
 ' To distant Argos shall the fair be led:
 ' She shall; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.
 ' Be gone, e'er evil intercept thy way.
 ' Hence, on thy life: nor urge me by thy stay.

He ended frowning. Speechless, and dismay'd,
 The aged sire his stern command obey'd.
 Silent he pass'd, amid the deaf'ning roar
 Of tumbling billows, on the lonely shore;
 Far from the camp he pass'd: then suppliant stood;
 And thus the hoary priest invoc'd his God.

' Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear.
 ' Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
 ' To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs;
 ' Propitious Smintheus! Oh! redress my wrongs.
 ' If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,
 ' The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,
 ' Oh! hear my pray'r. Let Greece thy fury know,
 ' And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe.

Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry.
 Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky;
 Across his breast the glitt'ring bow he slung,
 And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung:
 His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight,
 In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight,
 Then took his stand the well-aim'd shaft to throw:
 Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver bow.
 The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew;
 Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,

A deathful dart. The san'ral piles around
For-ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.

Nine days entire, he vex'd th' embattail'd host.
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command
Who wields heav'n's scepter in her snowy hand:
She mourn'd her fav'rite Greeks, who now enclose
The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose.

' What now, O Atreus' son, remains in view,
' But o'er the deep our wand'rings to renew,
' Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted pow'rs
' The sword and pestilence at once devours?
' Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,
' Or seek by dreams? for dreams descend from Jove.
' What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,
' What vow with-held, what hecatomb un-slain:
' And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay
' The price for guilt, and turn this curse away?

Thus he. And next the rev'rend Calchas rose,
Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose;
The prince of augurs, whose enlighten'd eye
Could things past, present, and to come, descry:
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

' Me then command'st thou, lov'd of Jove, to show
' What moves the God, that bends the dreadful bow?
' First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,
' By words to aid me, or by arms defend.
' For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway
' The Argian pow'rs and sceptred chiefs obey.
' The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?
' Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance glows,
' Still

' Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth,
' Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth?

To this Achilles swift replies. ' Be bold.
' Disclose, what Phœbus tells thee, uncontroul'd.
' By him, who list'ning to thy pow'rful pray'r
' Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,
' That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand
' Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand;
' Not Atreus' son. Though now himself he boast
' The king of men, and sov'raign of the host.

Then boldly he. ' Nor does the God complain
' Of vows with-held, or hecatombs unslain.
' Chryseis to her awful fire refus'd,
' The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,
' Call down these judgments, and for more they
' Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall;
' Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,
' And hecatombs are sent to sooth the God,
' To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage
' The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage.

He spoke and sate. When, with an angry frown,
The chief of kings up-started from his throne.
Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,
Lour in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes:
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,
And all at once his fury found a vent.

' Augur of ills, for never good to me
' Did that most inauspicious voice decree:
' For-ever ready to denounce my woes,
' When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause.
' And now, when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad,
' And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the God,

' Be-

' Because my blooming captive I detain,
 ' And the large ransom is produc'd in vain,
 ' Fond of the maid, my queen, in beauty's pride,
 ' Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride;
 ' Not Clytemnestra boasts a nobler grace,
 ' A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,
 ' In works of female skill hath more command,
 ' Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.
 ' Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy:
 ' Better I suffer, than my people die.
 ' But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd
 ' A full equivalent, a new reward.
 ' Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,
 ' Your chief shall lose his portion of the war:
 ' In vain your chief; whilst the dear prize, I boast,
 ' Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.

To whom the swift-pursuer quick reply'd.
 ' Oh! sunk in avarice, and swol'n with pride!
 ' How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,
 ' Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee
 ' To search anew, and cull the choicest share
 ' Amid the mighty harvest of the war?
 ' Then yield thy captive, to the God resign'd,
 ' Assur'd a ten-fold recompence to find,
 ' When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilion down,
 ' And give to plunder the devoted town.

' Think not, Atides answer'd, though thou shine,
 ' Graceful in beauty, like the pow'rs divine,
 ' Think not, thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,
 ' From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.
 ' Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,
 ' And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?
 ' If, as I ask, the large-soul'd Greeks consent
 ' Full recompence to give, I stand content.

' If

' If not : a prize I shall my self decree,
 ' From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.
 ' While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in vain.
 ' But break we here. The rest let time explain.
 ' Launch now a well-trim'd galley from the shore :
 ' With hands, experienc'd at the bending oar ;
 ' Enclose the hecatomb : and then with care
 ' To the high deck convey the captive fair.
 ' The sacred barque let sage Ulysses guide ;
 ' Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside ;
 ' Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shalt be.
 ' And who more fit to sooth the God than thee ?

' Shameless, and poor of soul, the prince replies,
 ' And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,
 ' What Greek henceforth will march at thy command,
 ' In search of danger on the doubtful strand ?
 ' Who in the face of day provoke the fight,
 ' Or tempt the secret ambush of the night ?
 ' Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.
 ' For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.
 ' Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed
 ' The lowing heifer, and the pamper'd steed,
 ' On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,
 ' And ripen, careless of the distant foe,
 ' Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore
 ' Un-number'd mountains rise, and billows roar.
 ' For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,
 ' Across those seas, disdainful man, I came ;
 ' Yet, insolent ! by arbitrary sway,
 ' Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,
 ' The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,
 ' And giv'n by suffrage of the Grecian host.
 ' What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,
 ' But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands ?

' To

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' To me, thus scorn'd, contented do'st thou yield
 ' My share of blood in the tumultuous field ;
 ' But still the flow'r of all the spoil is thine ;
 ' There claim'st thou most ; nor e're did I repine.
 ' Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,
 ' With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.
 ' To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,
 ' My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore,
 ' When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee
 ' What spoils and pillage will be won by thee.

' Hence ! cry'd the monarch, hence ! without delay.
 ' Think not, vain man ! my voice shall urge thy stay.
 ' Others thou leav'st to the great cause inclin'd,
 ' A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.
 ' Of all the chiefs do'st thou oppose me most :
 ' Outrage and uproar are thy only boast,
 ' Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,
 ' If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.
 ' Go, at thy pleasure ; none will stop thy way,
 ' Go bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.
 ' Thou, nor thy rage, shall my resolves subdue ;
 ' I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.
 ' Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore,
 ' A ship shall waft her to th' offended pow'r ;
 ' But fair Briseis, thy allotted prize,
 ' My self will seize, and seize before thy eyes :
 ' That thou and each audacious man may see,
 ' How vain the rash attempt to cope with me.

Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began
 This way and that to rend the godlike man.
 To force the passage with his faulchion drawn,
 And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne,
 He now resolves : and now resolves again
 To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.

While

While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,
 And half un-sheath'd he held the glitt'ring blade;
 That moment, Juno, whose impartial eye
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky:
 She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,
 To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd,
 Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprize;
 Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.

Then thus with hasty words. 'O! heavenly-born,
 ' Com'ft thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn?
 ' But thou shalt see, my sword shall make it good,
 ' This glutted sand smoak with the tyrant's blood.

' To sooth thy soul, the blue-ey'd maid replies,
 ' If thou obey my voice, I left the skies.
 ' Heav'n's queen, who favours both, gave this command:
 ' Suppress thy wrath, and stay thy vengeful hand.
 ' Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest;
 ' But guiltless let the thirsty faulchion rest.
 ' Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way,
 ' When gifts ten-fold for this affront shall pay.
 ' Suppress thy wrath; and heav'n and me obey.

Then he, ' I yield; though with reluctant mind.
 ' Who yields to heav'n shall heav'n propitious find.'
 The silver hilt close grasping, at the word,
 Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.
 The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,
 And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.

But fierce Achilles, in a thundring tone,
 Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on:

' Valiant with wine, and furious from the bowl!
 ' Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul!

' War's

' War's glorious peril ever slow to share :
 ' Aloof thou view'st the field ; for death is there.
 ' 'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,
 ' And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey :
 ' A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd ;
 ' For, had they souls, this outrage were thy last.
 ' But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpose hear.
 ' By this dread scepter solemnly I swear :
 ' By this, which, once from out the forest torn,
 ' Nor leaf nor shade shall evermore adorn ;
 ' Which never more its verdure must renew,
 ' Lopp'd from the vital stemm, whence first it grew,
 ' But giv'n by Jove the sons of men to awe,
 ' Now sways the nations and confirms the law,
 ' A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain
 ' The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in vain ;
 ' Nor, thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,
 ' When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's sword :
 ' Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,
 ' That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'

He said. And mounting with a furious bound,
 He dash'd his studded scepter on the ground ;
 Then fate. Atrides, eager to reply,
 On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.

'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,
 The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor rose.
 His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he ;
 Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see :
 And his first race of subjects long decay'd,
 O'er their sons' sons a peaceful scepter sway'd.

' Alas for Greece ! he cries, and what with joy
 ' Shall Priam hear, and ev'ry son of Troy !

That

' That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,
 ' Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars.
 ' Go to! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd
 ' Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.
 ' Their equals never shall these eyes behold:
 ' Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,
 ' Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,
 ' Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,
 ' Theseus unrival'd in his fire's abodes,
 ' And mighty Polypheme, a match for Gods;
 ' They, greatest names that ancient story knows,
 ' In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes:
 ' Fearless through rocks and wilds their prey pursu'd,
 ' And the huge double Centaur race subdu'd.
 ' With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam;
 ' Through regions, far from my sweet native home;
 ' They call'd me to the wars. No living hand
 ' Could match their valour, or their strength withstand;
 ' Yet wont thy oft my sage advice to hear.
 ' Then listen both, with an attentive ear.
 ' Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,
 ' Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.
 ' Nor thou, Pelides, in a threat'ning tone
 ' Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne,
 ' The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
 ' By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.
 ' Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,
 ' Thou must obey a pow'r more great than thine.
 ' And thou, O king, forbear. My self will see
 ' Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue:
 ' Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,
 ' The shield, and bulwark, of the Grecian host.

' Wise are thy words, O sire, the king began,
 ' But what can satiate this aspiring man?

' Un-

' Unbounded pow'r he claims o'er human-kind,
' And hopes for slaves, I trust, he ne'er shall find.
' Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,
' Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!

' If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise
' My name, the prince; precipitate, replies.
' In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.
' Thy vassals seek elsewhere; for I am none.
' But break we here. The fair, tho' justly mine,
' With sword un-drawn I purpose to resign.
' On aught beside, I once for all command;
' Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.
' Come not within my reach. Nor dare advance,
' Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance.'

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.
The council broke, each takes his sep'rate way.
Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind;
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.

Mean time, a barque was haul'd along the sand,
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,
Are all entrusted to Ulysses' care.
They mount the deck; the vessel takes its flight,
Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.

Next he ordains along the winding coast
By hallow'd rites to purify the host.
A herd of chosen victims they provide,
And cast their offals on the briny tide.
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.
In clouds the sav'ry steam ascends the sky.

The Greeks to heav'n their solemn vows address :
 But dire revenge rowl'd in the monarch's breast :
 Obsequious at his call two heralds stand,
 To them in frowns he gives this harsh command :
 ' Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair :
 ' Thence, swift, the female slave Briseis bear :
 ' With arms, if disobey'd, my self will come :
 ' Bid him resign her, or he tempt his doom.

The heralds, though unwillingly, obey,
 Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way :
 And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,
 At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd :
 Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw :
 They too stood silent, with respectful awe,
 Before the royal youth. They neither spoke.
 He guess'd their message, and the silence broke.

' Ye ministers of gods and men draw near :
 ' Not you, but him, whose heralds ye appear,
 ' Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring
 ' The damsel forth for this disdainful king :
 ' But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,
 ' And clear me to the gods and all mankind,
 ' Ev'n to your thoughtless king : if ever more
 ' My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.
 ' Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,
 ' Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,
 ' His best defence thus rashly to forego,
 ' And leave a naked army to the foe.'

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,
 And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.
 Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,
 And oft look'd back slow-moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,
Far from his friends fate bath'd in tears, alone.
On the cold beach he fate, and fix'd his eyes
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,
And as the sea wide-rowling he survey'd,
With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd.

' Since to short life thy hapless son was born,
' Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn
' His stinted course, with an immortal name.
' Is this the great amends? the promis'd fame?
' The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,
' Demands, possesses, and enjoys, my prey.'

Near her old fire enthron'd, she heard him weep
From the low silent caverns of the deep:
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears;
Close-grasps her darling's hand. ' My son, she cries,
' Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy eyes?
' Oh tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,
' That both may know it, and that both may share.

' Oh! goddess! cry'd he, with an inward groan,
' Thou know'st it all: to thee are all things known.
' Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ransack'd tow'rs,
' The plunder of a people, all was ours.
' We stood agreed the booty to divide.
' Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, and glossy ey'd,
' Fell to the king; but holy Chryses bore
' Vast gifts of ransom, to the tented shore:
' His scepter stretching forth, the golden rod
' Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his God;
' Of all the host, of ev'ry princely chief,
' But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.

Q 2

' Through-

‘ Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,
‘ To yield her to the venerable man ;
‘ But the harsh king deny’d to do him right,
‘ And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.
‘ Apollo heard his injur’d suppliant’s cry,
‘ And dealt his arrows through th’ infected sky ;
‘ The swift contagion, sent by his commands,
‘ Swept through the camp, and thinn’d the Grecian bands.
‘ The guilty cause a sacred augur show’d,
‘ And I first mov’d to mitigate the God :
‘ At this the tyrant storm’d, and vengeance vow’d ;
‘ And now too soon hath made his threatnings good.
‘ Chryseis first with gifts to Chrysa sent,
‘ His heralds came this moment to my tent,
‘ And bore Briseis thence, my beauteous slave,
‘ Th’ allotted prize, which the leagu’d Grecians gave.
‘ Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast pow’r,
‘ For thine own son the might of Jove implore.
‘ Oft in my father’s house I’ve heard thee tell,
‘ When sudden fears on heav’n’s great monarch fell,
‘ Thy aid the rebel deities o’ercame,
‘ And sav’d the mighty thunderer from shame.
‘ Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound
‘ The fire in chains, and hemm’d their sov’reign round,
‘ Thy voice, O Goddess, broke their idle bands,
‘ And call’d the giant of the hundred hands,
‘ The prodigy, whom heav’n and earth revere,
‘ Briareus nam’d above, Ægeon here.
‘ His father Neptune he in strength surpass’d ;
‘ At Jove’s right hand his hideous form he plac’d,
‘ Proud of his might. The gods, with secret dread,
‘ Beheld the huge enormous shape, and fled.
‘ Remind him then : for well thou know’st the art :
‘ Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.
‘ Let the driv’n Argians, hunted o’er the plain,
‘ Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main :

‘ There

'There let them perish, void of all relief,
 'My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.
 'Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,
 'That the first Greek was made the public scorn.'

Then she. With tears her azure eyes ran o'er.
 'Why bore I thee! or nourish'd, when I bore!
 'Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,
 'Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life.
 'Thy death approaching now the fates foreshow;
 'Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.
 'Ill-fated thou! and oh unhappy I!
 'But hence to the celestial courts I fly,
 'Where, hid in snow, to heav'n Olympus swells,
 'And Jove, rejoycing in his thunder, dwells.
 'Mean time, my son, indulge thy just disdain:
 'Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,
 'Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he cross'd,
 'And sought the distant Ethiopian coast:
 'Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,
 'Behind him all the train of Gods appear'd,
 'A bright procession. To the holy feast
 'Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.
 'To heav'n he comes, when twice six days are o'er;
 'Then shall my voice the fire of gods implore,
 'Then to his lofty mansion will I pass,
 'Founded on rocks of ever-during brass:
 'There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,
 'Nor doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart.'

She ceas'd: and left him lost in doubtful care,
 And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.

But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,
 The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land,

Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,
 Then low'rs the lofty mast, and furls the sails;
 Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,
 And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.
 The barque now fix'd amidst the rowling tide,
 Chryseis follows her experienc'd guide:
 The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,
 A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.
 To the God's fane, high looking o'er the land,
 He led, and near the altar took his stand,
 Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.

' All hail; Atrides sets thy daughter free,
 ' Sends off' rings to thy God, and gifts to thee.
 ' But thou intreat the pow'r, whose dreadful sway
 ' Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away.'

He said, and gave her. The fond father smil'd
 With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.

The victims now they range in chosen bands,
 And offer gifts with un-polluted hands:
 When with loud voice, and arms up-rear'd in air,
 The hoary priest preferr'd this pow'rful pray'r.

' Dread warrior with the silver bow give ear:
 ' Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.
 ' About this dome thou walk'st thy constant round:
 ' Still have my vows thy pow'r propitious found.
 ' Rous'd by my pray'rs ev'n now thy vengeance burns,
 ' And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.
 ' Hear me once more: and let the suppliant foe
 ' Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow.'

He pray'd: and great Apollo heard his pray'r.
 The suppliants now their votive rites prepare;

Amid

Amid the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,
 And heav'n-ward turn each victim's destin'd head:
 Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,
 And from each carcass rend the smoaking hide;
 On ev'ry limb large rowls of fat bestow,
 And chosen morsels round the off'ring strow:
 Mysterious rites! Then on the fire divine
 The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine:
 Himself the offering burns. On either hand
 A troop of youths, in decent order, stand.
 On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the fire,
 They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,
 Adorn the feast, see ev'ry dish well stor'd,
 And serve the plenteous messes to the board.

When now the various feast had chear'd their souls,
 With sparkling wines they crown the gen'rous bowls,
 The first libations to Apollo pay,
 And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:
 His praise in Io Pæans loud they sing,
 And sooth the rage of the far-shooting king.
 At evening, through the shore dispers'd, they sleep,
 Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,
 Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,
 The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew
 Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew.
 The breezes freshen: for with friendly gales
 Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails:
 Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,
 And in hoarse murmurs break on either side,
 In safety to the destin'd port they pass'd,
 And fix'd their barque with grappling haulsers fast;
 Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,
 Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.

But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,
 Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent;
 Th' assembled chiefs he shun'd with high disdain,
 A band of kings, nor fought the hostile plain;
 But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,
 The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were past; and now th' ethereal train,
 Jove at their head, to heav'n return'd again,
 When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise,
 Shot through a big-swoll'n wave, and pierc'd the skies.
 At early morn the reach'd the realms above,
 The court of Gods, the residence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd
 With hills on hills, him far apart she found,
 Above the rest. The earth beneath display'd
 A boundless prospect, his broad eye survey'd.
 Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she rear'd,
 And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard;
 Then, suppliant with submissive voice implor'd
 Old Saturn's son, the God by Gods ador'd.

' If e'er, by rebel deities oppress
 ' My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request:
 ' Since to short life my hapless son was born,
 ' Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.
 ' Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway
 ' Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.
 ' A while let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,
 ' And doubled honours to my off-spring give.'

She said. The God vouchsaf'd not to reply;
 A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye,
 Once more around his knees the goddess clung,
 And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue.

Ob!

' Oh! speak. Or grant me, or deny my pray'r.
 ' Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear;
 ' That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
 ' The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.

With a deep sigh the thund'ring pow'r replies.
 ' To what a height will Juno's anger rise!
 ' Still doth her voice, before the Gods, upbraid
 ' My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.
 ' I grant thy suit. But, hence! depart unseen,
 ' And shun the sight of heav'n's suspicious queen.
 ' Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,
 ' When Jove propitious hears the pow'r's divine;
 ' The sign that ratifies my high command,
 ' That thus I will: and what I will shall stand.

This said, his kingly brow the fire inclin'd;
 The large black curls fell awful from behind,
 Thick-shadowing the stern forehead of the God:
 Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The Goddesses smil'd: and, with a sudden leap,
 From the high mountain plung'd into the deep.

But Jove repair'd to his celestial tow'rs:
 And, as he rose, up-rose th' immortal pow'rs.
 In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,
 Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.

To him enthron'd, for whisp'ring she had seen
 Close a this knees the silver-footed queen
 Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,
 Aged and hoary in the deep resides,
 Big with investives, Juno silence broke,
 And thus, opprobrious, her resentments spoke.

False

' False Jove ! what Goddess whisp'ring did I see ?
 ' O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me !
 ' To me, neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart
 One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart.'

' To whom the fire of Gods and men reply'd ;
 ' Strive not to find, what I decree to hide,
 ' Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,
 ' Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.
 ' The thoughts and counsels, proper to declare,
 ' Nor God nor mortal shall before thee share ;
 ' But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,
 ' Think not to reach, for know the thought were vain.

' Dread Saturn's son, why so severe ? replies
 The goddess of the large majestic eyes,
 ' Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or show ;
 ' Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.
 ' Nor yet my fears are vain : nor came unseen
 ' To thy high throne the silver-footed queen,
 ' Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides
 ' Aged and hoary in the deep resides.
 ' Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd :
 ' And Greece must perish for a madman's pride.'

To whom the Gods, whose hand the tempest forms,
 Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 Thus wrathful answer'd : ' Dost thou still complain ?
 ' Perplex'd for-ever, and perplex'd in vain !
 ' Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come,
 ' How wilt thou stop th' irrevocable doom !
 ' This serves the more to sharpen my disdain ;
 ' And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.
 ' Be silent then, Dispute not my command ;
 ' Nor tempt the force of this superior hand :

' Least

‘Least all the gods, around thee leagu’d, engage
 ‘In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage.’

Mute and abash’d she sat without reply,
 And downward turn’d her large majestic eye,
 Nor further durst th’ offended fire provoke:
 The Gods around him trembled, as he spoke,
 When Vulcan, for his mother fore distress
 Turn’d orator, and thus his speech address’d:

‘Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line
 ‘Stir up debate among the pow’rs divine,
 ‘If things of earth disturb the blest abodes,
 ‘And mar th’ ambrosial banquet of the Gods!
 ‘Then let my mother once be rul’d by me,
 ‘Though much more wise than I pretend to be:
 ‘Let me advise her silent to obey,
 ‘And due submission to our father pay,
 ‘Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,
 ‘Ill-tim’d, and damp the revels of the skies.
 ‘For should he toss her from th’ Olympian hill,
 ‘Who could resist the mighty monarch’s will?
 ‘Then thou to love the thund’rer reconcile,
 ‘And tempt him kindly on us all to smile.’

He said: and in his tott’ring hands up-bore
 A double goblet, fill’d, and foaming o’er.

‘Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,
 ‘Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,
 ‘Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay’d,
 ‘Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid:
 ‘Great Jove shall reign for-ever, uncontroul’d.
 ‘Remember, when I took thy part of old,
 ‘Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,
 ‘And headlong hurl’d me from the ethereal sky:

‘From

‘ From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night;
‘ Till pitch’d on Lemnos, a most piteous fight,
‘ The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,
‘ Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall.’

She smil’d: and, smiling, her white arm display’d
To reach the bowl her awkward son convey’d.
From right to left the gen’rous bowl he crown’d,
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.
The Gods laugh’d out, unweary’d, as they spy’d
The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus, feasting to the full, they pass’d away,
In blissful banquets, all the live-long day.
Nor wanted melody. With heav’nly art
The muses sung; each muse perform’d her part,
Alternate warbling; while the golden lyre,
Touch’d by Apollo, led the vocal choir.
The sun at length declin’d, when ev’ry guest
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest:
Each had his palace on th’ Olympian hill,
A master-piece of vulcan’s matchless skill.
Ev’n he, the God, who heav’n’s great sceptre sways,
And frowns amid the lightning’s dreadful blaze,
His bed of state ascending, lay compos’d;
His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos’d:
And at his side, all glorious to behold,
Was Juno lodg’d in her alcove of gold.

To

To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!

Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;

Of

Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone
 Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls where spreading marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
 Proud names, who once the reigns of empire held;
 In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints who taught, and led, the way to heav'n;
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
 Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade,

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;
 A winged virtue, through the ethereal sky
 From world to world unwearied does he fly?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battel'd and the dragon fell;
 Or mixt with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend;
 To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;

Lead

Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before;
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so ye heav'n's decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me:
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there:
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth or rais'd some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;

There taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
The price for knowledge, taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race.
Why, once so lov'd, when e'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon tide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze!
His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd;
Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I toucht the trembling string
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.

Oh!

Oh! must I then, now fresh my bosom bleeds
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds,
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong;
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring-sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each others boast! farewell,
 Farewell! whom join'd in fame in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Colin and Lucy. A Ballad.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,

Bright Lucy was the grace;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream

Reflect so sweet a face:
 Till luckless love, and pining care,

Impar'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lilly pale,

When beating rains descend?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains

Take heed, ye easy fair:
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night;

A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice;

The raven flap'd his wing;
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew

The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke,

The virgins weeping round:

‘ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,

‘ Which says, I must not stay;

‘ I see a hand, you cannot see,

‘ Which beckons me away.

‘ By a false heart, and broken vows;

‘ In early youth I die:

‘ Was I to blame, because his bride

‘ Was thrice as rich as I?

‘ Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;

‘ Vows due to me alone:

‘ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss;

‘ Nor think him all thy own,

‘ To-morrow, in the church to wed,

‘ Impatient; both prepare!

‘ But know, fond maid; and know, false man,

‘ That Lucy will be there!

‘ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,

‘ This bridegroom blyth to meet,

‘ He in his wedding-trim so gay,

‘ I in my winding-sheet.

She spoke; she dy'd; her corse was born,

The bridegroom blyth to meet,

He in his wedding-trim so gay,

She in her winding sheet.

Then

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
 How were these nuptials kept?
 The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell:
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah bride no more!
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever he remains.

Of at this grave, the constant hind,
 And plighted maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green;
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller at his Country Seat.

TO Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,
 Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours
 To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;

To

To court thy pencil early at thy gates,
Ambition knocks, and fleeting beauty waits;
The boastful muse, of others fame so sure,
Implores thy aid to make her own secure;
The great, the fair, and, if ought nobler be,
Ought more below'd, the arts solicit thee.

How can'st thou hope to fly the world, in vain
From Europe sever'd by the circling main?
Sought by the kings of every distant land,
And every hero worthy of thy hand.
Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd
He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd?
That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place,
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?
See on her Titian's, and her Guido's urns,
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns;
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.
Thee nature taught, nor art her aid deny'd,
The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,
And place the fairest in the fairest light;
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils,
Or on thy palette lie the blended oyls,
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,
And her just image makes Cleon start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,
Half learn'd, half painter, and half wit abound;

Few like thy genius, at proportion aim,
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same:

Such be thy life, O since the glorious rage
That fir'd thy youth, flames unshd'd by age;
Tho' wealth nor fame now touch thy sated mind,
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind;
Since after thee may rise an impious line,
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,
Paint on, till fate dissolve thy mortal part,
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends:
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory sprung,
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung,
From his cold corse the every friend be fled,
Lo! envy waits, that lover of the dead:
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn;
Thus wept insidious Churchill, o'er thy urn;
To blast the living, gave the dead their due,
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd a-new.
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,
And lead to war thy country's growing race,
Take every wish a British heart can frame,
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame:

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age;
Nor yet for this decline the generous strife,
These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life.
Alive, though stain'd by ev'ry abject slave,
Secure of fame, and justice in the grave.

Ah!

Ah! no — when once the mortal yields to fate,
 The blast of fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,
 Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,
 Or sooth the new inhabitant of light;
 Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,
 Hangs on the absent, and laments the best.
 Farewel then fame, ill fought through fields and blood,
 Farewell unfaithful promiser of good:
 Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear!
 Thou incense wasted on the fun'ral bier!
 Through life pursu'd in vain, by death obtain'd,
 When ask'd, deny'd us, and when giv'n disdain'd.

An Ode inscribed to the Earl of Sunderland at Windsor.

I.
THOU dome, where Edward first enroll'd
 His red-cross knights and barons bold,
 Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,
 Ambitious emperors have fought;
 Where Britain's foremost names are found,
 In peace below'd, in war renown'd,
 Who made the hostile nations moan,
 Or brought a blessing on their own:

II.
 Once more a son of Spencer waits,
 A name familiar to thy gates,
 Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
 The garter while thy founder reign'd,
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,

Which in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

III.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
The flow'r of chivalry, who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew;
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field;
Or who, in jousts and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd.
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd;
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wife Godolphin's breast.

V.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars;
Till letter'd Athens round the pole
Made gentler constellations roll,
In the blue heavens the * Lyre she strung,
And near the maid the balance hung.

VI.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.

* Names of Constellations.

What though the hero's flame repress'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breast!
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes!
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less-desiring eye!

VII.

The sage who large of soul surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame?
My guiltless muse his brow shall bind
Whose God-like bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
To him, through every rescu'd land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

Kensington Garden.

Campos, ubi Troja fuit — Virg.

Where Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands
'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bow'rs,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flow'rs,

The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
 To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
 Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
 They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
 Each walk with robes of various dyes bespread,
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
 And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
 Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin hand,
 Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,
 Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
 And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,
 Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air;
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair
 Pour'd in his Danes; ere elder Julius came;
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name;
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who thro' gazing crowds, your captive throng,
 Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,
 Where all un-level'd the gay garden lies:
 If gen'rous anguish for another's pains
 Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,
 Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,
 And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows
 Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
 Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
 A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.
 The landskip now so sweet we well may praise;
 But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,

Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground
 With fairy domes and dazling tow'rs was crown'd.
 Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,
 Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king;
 For ev'ry hedge of vegetable green,
 In happier years a crowded street was seen;
 Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,
 Could match the numbers of its pygmy race.
 What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,
 A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came
 From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame
 Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd
 On ev'ry hill, and danc'd in ev'ry shade.
 But, foes to sun shine, most they took delight
 In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight:
 There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;
 Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,
 The distant murmurs of the falling rill.
 They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,
 And pity'd the huge, wretched sons of earth.
 E'en now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,
 And strive to view their airy forms in vain:
 They to their cells at man's approach repair,
 Like the shy lev'ret, or the mother hare,
 The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound
 Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown
 Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.
 From every region to his palace-gate
 Came peers and princes of the fairy state,
 Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.
 From Thame's fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,
 With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd.

Hence

Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,
Shone every knight and ev'ry lovely fay.
Whoe'er on Powell's dazling stage display'd
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,
The pomp and splendor of the fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!
Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind!
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day:
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen
The gay rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove;
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;

Each

Each supple limb she swaith'd, and tender bone,
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down;
 She robb'd dwarf elders of their fragrant fruit,
 And fed him early with the daisy's root,
 Whence through his veins the pow'ful juices ran,
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.
 Yet still two inches taller than the rest,
 His lofty port his human birth confess'd;
 A foot in height, how stately did he show;
 How look superior on the crowd below!
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance!
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,
 What elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,
 And felt the charmer burn in ev'ry vein.
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd,
 She, who at distance thrones and principedoms view'd,
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sue'd,
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.
 For her he cull'd the fairest flow'rs that grew,
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;
 He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night;
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high!
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young;
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,
 Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred;
 To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,
 Their pow'rs distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:

All vain their pow'rs alas ! to Kenna prove,
And well sung Ovid, there's no herb for love.

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,
Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,
The poor shade shiv'ring stands, and must not break
His painful silence, 'till the mortal speak :
So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore ;
In words so melting, that compar'd with those,
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaus
Would sound like compliments from country clowns,
To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue
A bed of flow'rs, a fairy forest, grew ;
'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,
The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,
Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade
Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid.
They thought all fairies slept, ah luckless pair !
Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare !
When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,
Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.

• All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
• Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze :
• Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen
• With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
• Grateful to fairy eyes ; they secret take
• Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
• This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
• A world to me, a multitude in one.
• Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flow'ry lawns,
• When the sky opens and the evening dawns !

' Strait as the pink, that tow'rs so high in air,
 ' Soft as the blow-bell ! as the daisy, fair !
 ' Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
 ' An infant captive to this blissful shade !
 ' And blest'd the hand that did my form refine,
 ' And shrunk my stature to a match with thine !
 ' Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
 ' And all the giant daughters of the earth.
 ' Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
 ' Renounce thy kind; and love for love return.
 ' So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
 ' A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise,
 ' Oh speak, my love ! my vows with vows repay,
 ' And sweetly swear my rising fears away,

To whom, the shining azure of her eyes
 More brighten'd, thus th' enamour'd maid replies,

' By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,
 ' I swear, and by the head of Oberon,
 ' A dreadful oath ! no prince of fairy line
 ' Shall e're in wedlock plight his vows with mine.
 ' Where-e'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,
 ' May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,
 ' May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flow'rs,
 ' And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bow'rs.
 ' Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade
 ' There rather pine I a neglected maid,
 ' Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,
 ' Parch in the sun a thousand summer days,
 ' Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,
 ' In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.

She ended : and with lips of rosy hue
 Dipt five times o'er in ambrosial dew,
 Stiffed his words. When from his covert rear'd,
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd,
 A sun-flow'r's trunk was near, whence, killing sight
 The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height :

Full on the pair a furious look he cast,
 Nor spoke? but gave his bugle-horn a blast,
 That through the woodland echo'd far and wide;
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.
 A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,
 Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground;
 And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,
 Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,
 For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with antient birth combin'd,
 A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,
 To love and praise can gen'rous souls incline,
 That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.
 Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,
 Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains,
 Where now the skies high Holland-house invades,
 And short liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,
 Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford
 A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.
 For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,
 All fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd,
 That from his hosom heav'd the golden vest.
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan,
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,
 Beside their wages had good fairy vails,
 Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid:
 The careful wife, on the neat dairy-maid,
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and pow'ful bribes
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,
 And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Mean-while driven back to earth, a lonely way
 The chearless Albion wander'd half the day,
 A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,
 Ill measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd
 Fed by old Thame a daughter of the tide:
 'Twas then a spreading stream, tho' now, its fame
 Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear chrystal's verdant bank he stood,
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,
 And thus in tears his kindred gods address'd.

' If true, ye wat'ry pow'rs, my lineage came
 ' From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame;
 ' Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,
 ' Though all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,
 ' And urge the God, whose trident shakes the earth,
 ' To grace his off-spring, and assert my birth.'

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his pray'r,
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,
 Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.
 Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore:
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,
 And to her care the fav'rite boy commends.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,
 Driv'n up his current by the reflux tides,
 Along his banks the pygmy legions spread
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.
 Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,
 And counts the ocean's God among his fires;
 ' The ocean's God, by whom shall be o'erthrown,
 ' Styx heard his oath, the tyrant Oberon.

- * See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom
- * Lies Albion: him the fates your leader doom.
- * Hear and obey; 'tis Neptune's pow'ful call,
- * By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd: and on their shields up-bore
With shouts their new-saluted emperor.
E'en Oriel smil'd: at least to smile he strove,
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade
By Gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,
A slave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,
In the short course of one revolving day.
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!
His thick embattel'd troops, with secret pride,
He views extended half an acre wide;
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.
O for thy muse, * great bard, whose lofty strains
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes!
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine:
But simple I, and innocent of art,
The tale that sooth'd my infant years, impart,
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles glitter in the air;
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,

* Mr Addison.

And

And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains thus formidable bright,
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight;
In various robes their silken troops were seen,
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green:
When blooming Brunswick near the Danube's flood,
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades,
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,
In Albion's pow'r the fairy empire lies;
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes: and now in prospect near,
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile tow'rs appear;
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,
Wore his prime Visir in a magic ring;
A subtle spright, that op'ning plots foretold
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold:
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright
With beating bosoms waited for the fight;
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess!
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain
He strides indignant: and with haughty cries
To single fight the fairy prince defies.

Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try;
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.
No God stands ready to avert thy doom,
Nor yet thy granfire of the waves is come.
My words are vain — no words the wretch can move,
By beauty dazled, and bewitch'd by love:

He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart:
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting;
But, tels'd in rage, it flew without a wound,
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground,
Not so Azuriel's: with un-erring aim
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and silken vest,
And lightly rais'd the lover's ivory breast,
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,
And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion weilds no more,
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,
Or less than fairy, felt the deadly pain.
But empyreal forms, how'er in fight
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.
As some frail cup of China's purest mold,
With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,
Tho' broke, if clus'd by some nice virgin's hands,
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands;
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,
And holds secure the Coffee's sable waves:
So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;
And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood:
The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,
The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,
Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.

The

The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:
 On his cold cheek the bloomy freshness dies;
 ' Oh Kenna, Kenna, thrice he try'd to say,
 ' Kenna farewell: ' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,
 By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,
 Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,
 Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.
 The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,
 The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr:
 With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,
 And works the madding ocean into storms.
 O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,
 Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,
 'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar
 It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,
 Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.
 To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,
 The vallies trembled, and the forests shook,
 The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,
 Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid:
 Where now the vanquish'd with the victors join'd,
 Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattel'd dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,
 And on their town his eye vindictive cast.
 Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,
 And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;
 On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,
 Which on the foe with force divine he flung:
 Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,
 Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,
 That downward tumbling on the host below
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.
 Tow'rs, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,
 And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost,

Such was the period, long restrain'd by fate,
 And such the downfall of the fairy state.
 This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,
 This dale possess'd they and had still possess'd;
 Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride;
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.
 Now where his elves so brightly danc'd the round,
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground;
 His tow'rs and people fill one common grave,
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoaking piles he lay
 Stun'd and confounded a whole summer's day.
 At length awak'd, for what can long restrain
 Unbody'd spirits! but awak'd in pain:
 And as he saw the desolated wood,
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,
 Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes
 In ev'ry oak a Neptune seem'd to rise:
 He fled, and left with all his trembling peers,
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,
 Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flow'ry vales,
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
 And stop'd and startled at each rustling wind.
 Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,
 Disperse and wander into different lands.
 Part hid beneath the peak's deep caverns lie,
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost regions flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.

There

There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they feetly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd every art, vain arts! to change his doom,
 And vow'd, vain vows! to join him in the tomb:
 What could she do? the fates alike deny
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows, the same old † Homer tells
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells,
 Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
 Moly the plant, which Gods and fairies know,
 But secret kept from mortal men below.
 On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
 When lo! the little shape by magic pow'r
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r,
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
 To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
 Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow,
 Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
 First leader of the flow'ry race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,

† Odyss. l. 10.

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 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,
 Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flow'ry vales,
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,
 And stop'd and startled at each rustling wind.
 Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,
 Disperse and wander into different lands.
 Part hid beneath the peak's deep caverns lie,
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost regions flows,
 Where formidable Neptune never came,
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame:
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.

There

There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,
 Or shepherd-boy, they feetly foot the green,
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs;
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-while sad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,
 Try'd every art, vain arts! to change his doom,
 And vow'd, vain vows! to join him in the tomb:
 What could she do? the fates alike deny
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows, the same old † Homer tells
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells,
 Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,
 Moly the plant, which Gods and fairies know,
 But secret kept from mortal men below.
 On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,
 When lo! the little shape by magic pow'r
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flow'r,
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,
 To virgins sacred, and the snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,
 Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,
 And glories in the vegetable snow,
 Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains;
 First leader of the flow'ry race aspires,
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,

† Odyss. l. 10.

Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pygmy race,
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place:
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,
'Till great Nassau recloath'd the desert shade,
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.

'Twas then the green-robd nymph, fair Kenna, came,
Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name:
Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine,
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line;
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,
And picture out in plants the fairy town.
To far fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,
And plann'd that landskip in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,
And forms the town in all its ancient lines;
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,
And girds the palace with a verdant square;
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,
He builds a city as he plants his greens:
With a sad pleasure the aerial maid,
This image of her ancient realm survey'd;
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primeval pride!
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays;
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.

